The Nation

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Summary of the News

The official result of the German Government's inquiry into the circumstances attending the loss of the Sussex and other vessels was published in the papers of April 13. In the note, which was dated April 10, the German Government on one ground or another absolves itself of any impropriety of conduct in the sinking of the Berwindvale, the Englishman, the Manchester Engineer, and the Eagle Point. Regarding the Sussex the admission is made that at the same hour and in the same place a vessel was sunk by a German submarine, but it could not have been the Sussex because the submarine commander prudently made a sketch of his victim and the lines of this sketch do not agree with those of a picture of the Sussex discovered in an English illustrated magazine.

Our comment on this remarkable explanation will be found in our editorial columns. The general conclusion reached by the press of this country is that the explanation has been framed with a view to inducing further negotiations and possibly an eventual admission that the submarine commander made a mistake. Even the German press of America is unable to accept the story quite at its face value. In Germany comment by the press has been restrained by authority, but so far as it has been reflected in cabled dispatches, the tendency is to accept the explanation as furnishing one more instance of the transparent sincerity and eminent reasonableness of the German Government. Dispatches from Washington indicate that that is not the view which is taken by the Administration. The President's note on the matter was to have gone forward yesterday. The general understanding in Washington is that the latest note, while not an ultimatum, amounts virtually to an indictment of German submarine warfare, a long list of specific instances being cited in which the pledges made by the German Government to this country have been broken.

Since we wrote last week sixteen vessels have been reported torpedoed; nine British, three Norwegian, one Swedish, one Danish, one Italian, and one French. The sweeping nature of the new submarine campaign multiplies complications with neutral countries. The report of the Dutch Shipping Council, which has official status, published on April 12, is that the Tubantia and Palembang were torpedoed. The case of the Spanish ship, Santanderino, which has caused considerable excitement in Spain, is still under investigation, but there appears to be little doubt that it was attacked by a submarine. The Turkish Government, on April 16, admitted responsibility for the sinking of the Russian hospital ship Portugal in the Black Sea, advancing an explanation of the act curiously reminiscent of the Lusitania.

There has been a lull in the fighting around Verdun which was broken on Monday by a renewed German offensive east of the Meuse. Except in one place, where the Germans gained a footing, the attack appears to have been repulsed. In Mesopotamia the British force operating to relieve Kut-el-Amara is officially reported to have inflicted defeats on the Turks on April 12 and April 15. Tuesday's bulletin, however, reported a setback. Victories in Armenia have brought the Russian forces to the outer defences of Trebizond.

Dispatches from Paris, Rome, and Berlin at the end of last week agreed that a commercial treaty between Rumania and the Central Powers had been signed on April 7. The precise scope of the treaty is not known, but it is assumed that it provides for the purchase by the Central Powers of the surplus cereal product of Rumania.

There is a possibility of further complications arising between Greece and the Allied Powers in connection with the request by the latter for the use of the Peloponnesian railway for the transport of Servian troops from Corfu to Salonica. Dispatches of Monday's date denied reports that an ultimatum had been presented by the Allied Powers and stated that the request was still under consideration by the Greek Government.

The text of Sir Edward Grey's reply to Mr. Lansing's protest of February 23 against the removal of thirty-eight Austrians, Germans, and Turks from the American steamship China on February 18, was published on April 12. Sir Edward Grey's contention is that the men seized were on their way to Manila to make that place the base for the perpetration of unneutral acts against the Allies. The matter, Mr. Lansing has announced, will probably be the subject of further correspondence. Correspondence that has passed between the State Department and the British Foreign Office in regard to the British Enemy Trading Act of December 23 was published on April 13. Mr. Lansing's communication reserves the right to protest in case the operation of the act should work injustice to persons domiciled in the United States. Announcement was made on April 13 that a settlement involving several million dollars had been reached between the British Government and the Chicago meat packers in the cases of the cargoes of thirty-four ships which had been taken over by the British Government.

Investigation into German conspiracies in this country has had interesting results during the past week. Two pier superintendents of the Hamburg-American line, four engineers and one electrician of the North German Lloyd liner Friedrich der Grosse, and the superintendent of a chemical factory were arrested on April 13 and 14 charged with having been concerned in a plot for the manufacture of fire bombs designed to destroy vessels of the Allies, and a warrant is out for the arrest of another man, a chemist, who has disappeared. On Monday, the Federal Grand Jury found indictments against persons accused of being concerned in a conspiracy to destroy the Welland Canal. Capt. von Papen, the former German military attaché, is among those indicted and also his secretary and Capt. Tauscher, American agent of the Krupps.

Dispatches from Washington on Tuesday stated that David R. Francis, the new American Ambassador to Russia, had been entrusted with the draft of a new treaty of commerce to serve as basis for negotiations with the Russian Government.

Traffic on the Panama Canal was resumed on April 15. The Canal has been blocked since last September.

Secretary of War Baker announced on Monday that Brig-Gen. George B. Scriven, Chief of the Army Signal Corps, had been censured and that Lieut.-Col. Samuel Reber had been censured and relieved of his post as Chief of the Army Aviation Section. These steps were taken as a result of the recent scandal in the Army Aviation Corps arising out of the court-martial of Lieut.-Col. Lewis E. Goodier, Judge-Advocate of the Western Department. The findings of the court censuring Col. Goodier were approved by President Wilson.

The Mexican situation is both complicated and critical. Gen. Carranza on April 13 sent through Señor Eliseo Arrendondo, Ambassador-Designate, a note challenging the legality of the punitive expedition and stating that "it is now time to treat with the Government of the United States upon the subject of the withdrawal of its forces." Close upon the heels of this came news of an attack by Mexicans on a small American force at Parral, which called forth a further communication from Carranza pointing the moral. Gen. Pershing's report on the incident at Parral, which took place on April 12, was given out by Secretary Baker on Sunday night. Apparently a small force under Major Tompkins on entering Parral was attacked by civilians and by Mexican troops, whom their officers failed to control. Major Tompkins's column withdrew, defending itself. The casualties were two Americans killed, six wounded, and one missing. The Administration, it is stated in Washington, has no present intention of ordering the withdrawal of the punitive expedition, but is disposed to enter into negotiations with Carranza with a view to clearing up the situation. Meanwhile circumstantial reports of the death of Villa have come from Mexican sources. These are under investigation as we write, and should they turn out to be true that would be a consummation devoutly to be wished. The disposition of Washington is, however, to regard them with considerable skepticism.

The Governmental crisis which is said to have arisen in England over the question of conscription remains unsettled as we write. President Asquith was to have made his long-delayed statement on the matter in the House of Commons on Tuesday, but it was again postponed. The special committee of the Cabinet on recruiting, it is understood, has decided that general compulsion is not necessary and it is known that a majority of the Cabinet agrees with this view. Mr. Lloyd George, however, has for a long time favored a scheme of general compulsion, and has the support of certain members of the Cabinet.

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The Week

President Wilson's latest note to the German Government may prove to be strong in tone, or it may be moderate. Either way, the case will look to explanation by Germany, and to a change in her recent activities with submarines. This being so, it is disconcerting and even amazing to find in so sensible a newspaper as the *Frankfurter Zeitung* an assertion that Germany can yield nothing whatever, and that the situation remains exactly as it was defined by the German announcement of February, 1915. In its issue of March 28, the *Frankfurter* printed a telegram from its New York correspondent reporting a revival of agitation in this country by the torpedoing of the Sussex. It also had dispatches from London of the same tenor. And to them it appended an editorial note roundly declaring that "in every case of torpedoing ships, the commanders of our undersea boats have acted in pursuance of the German notification to the neutral Powers of February, 1915. According to this, all vessels approaching the ports of the Allies were to be sunk without warning. Within the war zone, Germany had no responsibility, since every neutral was there at his own peril." This is a cool ignoring of Germany's later modifications of submarine policy, and of the repeated concessions and pledges which she made to the United States. If the German Government intends to fall back, as the *Frankfurter Zeitung* does, upon the original stark plan of submarine warfare, there can be no hope of a settlement. But it is difficult to believe that the Government will forget and repudiate its official promises.

While the German bomb-plotters are not to be considered guilty until tried and convicted, it is a fact that the evidence seems overwhelming in the case of the eight men who have been arrested. In San Francisco, it will be remembered, the German Consul-General has been indicted, together with three others. The indictment by the Grand Jury leaves little doubt that Capt. von Papen was cognizant of, or a supporter of, various illegitimate undertakings—in all of which he did not, we believe, act on his own initiative. Then we have the Van Horn, Breitung, and Schiller cases, and all the other men who are now indicted in this city. Now, since it is impossible to believe that all of these men are innocent, and that the United States Government is deliberately conspiring to put a lot of innocent men in jeopardy, we should like to ask whether the time has not come for the leading German-Americans to speak out about it. We have in mind men of the standing of Arthur von Briesen, Dr. Willy Meyer, Professor Boas, George Ehret, Carl L. Schurz, Victor Ridder, and many others for whose devotion to the German cause abroad we have all respect. But as loyal and law-abiding citizens they must deeply resent the commission of crimes upon our soil, no matter who are guilty. A round-robin of sharp disapproval from such men as these, making it clear that they have no sympathy whatever with such lawlessness, with such efforts to wage war on our soil, whether by responsible German officials, by officers on German steamers, or by irresponsible hotheads, would go far towards clearing the atmosphere, presenting the attitude of the signers in its true light, and removing some of the stigma attaching to the unnaturalized Germans in this country.

It is eight weeks since the Brandenburgers stormed Fort Douaumont and the German press awaited the news of Namur, Antwerp, Maubeuge, and Novogeorgievsk repeated at Verdun. In the course of the two months' battle around Verdun it seemed for a time as if a new form of tactics had emerged, a battle that was neither manœuvre nor trench work, but a sort of progressive siege moving forward at a pace that was slow enough in itself, but impressively fast when compared with the deadlock of the trenches. If this process—some one has vividly compared it to a cancer eating into the body—continued, Verdun was lost. But as we see it now, the fighting around Verdun does not differ so radically from previous "piercing" operations. To the east of the Meuse it has been that from the beginning—a furious bombardment, a few days' rush, and stoppage. West of the Meuse conditions have been different, in the sense that the fruits of the preliminary bombardment were not garnered in a short rush, but had to be gleaned bit by bit. That is, the French positions were not so utterly demolished as to prevent all resistance, though they were knocked around badly enough to make successful resistance impossible. But once the Germans had covered the zone of their preliminary bombardment, their progress stopped also to the west of the Meuse. That is the situation to-day.

How heavily the war is pressing financially upon the neutrals of Europe is revealed in a bulletin issued by the War Study Society, of Copenhagen. It admits that exact statistics are often not available, but has made researches into the expenditures of the various Exchequers. It should be especially well informed as regards the Scandinavian countries; and of two of these it states at once that "the current expenses . . . of Denmark and Sweden are increased by about 50 per cent. and 20 per cent., respectively, through military extra expenses." The Swedish national debt before the war was 112 kr., or about $30, per capita; in January, 1916, it was 154 kr. The Norwegian national debt before the war was 145 kr., and in January was 175 kr.; the Danish debt was 130 kr., and is now 165. Holland has been so burdened with the cost of a general mobilization, of new social measures, and of relief to Belgian refugees, that during the first year of the war she spent about $120,000,000 for extraordinary requirements. In consequence of this and the cutting off of many sources of revenue, the national debt has been raised nearly one-half. The cost of Swiss mobilization alone during the first year was $40,000,000, and the national debt has grown from 146 million francs to 374 millions. Rumania has seen her national debt rise from 1,820 million francs to 2,130 millions; while Greece will have spent during two years of war at least 345 million francs, and has already added 183 million francs to her debt, bringing it up to 1,435 million francs.

The latest of the semi-weekly Oyster Bay homilies deals with army inefficiency as created by Mr. Wilson and illustrated by the pursuit of Villa. Compared with what we have done in Mexico, the Colonel asks us to consider what the Japanese did at the outbreak of the war with Russia. Instead of Villa and the Russo-Japanese War, Mr. Roosevelt might have compared Moltke's five weeks' campaign in 1870 with the year required by the Jersey authorities to run down the bomb plotters, one parallel being about as illuminating as the other. But taking Villa and Japan, we find that in about a month our troops have gone 400 miles into Mexico, which is the same distance the Japanese covered in Korea before they fought their first battle on the Yalu, three months after the outbreak of the war. The conclusion of the war found the Japanese army somewhat north of Mukden, or about 150 miles from where they fought their first battle. This distance they had covered in eleven months. The resemblance between Villa and the Japanese is about as close as between Verdun

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and the Woolworth Building, but if Mr. Roosevelt insists on comparisons there are the figures. In Japan, at this moment, people may be comparing Col. Dodd's lightning dash into Mexico with Kuroki's painful crawl into Manchuria.

Some progress has been made by Secretary Baker in ending the scandalous conditions in the Aviation Corps. He has censured the commander of the Signal Corps, Brig.-Gen. Scriven, and has censured and relieved from all aviation duty Col. Samuel Reber, who has been the head of the aviation service. He has also confirmed the verdict and sentence of reprimand of the court-martial in the case of Lieut-Col. Goodier, Judge-Advocate, who was tried for violating regulations in instigating some of the flying officers to bring charges against their superior officers, who were misconducting themselves and the affairs of the corps. Secretary Baker expressly finds that none of these officers was moved by an unworthy motive. It is also stated that the question of the drawing of flying pay by officers who did not fly remains to be adjudicated after certain legal points have been settled by the Controller. Then the Department will decide whether to institute courts-martial or not. So far, so good. A great step forward has been taken, but to our mind, in view of the letters which passed between Col. Reber and Capt. Cowan, the commander of the San Diego Aviation School, much more remains to be done to clean house. If those letters are to be taken at their face value, these officers should be relegated to civil life, for they distinctly disclose a purpose to deceive the Government, various visiting Congressmen, and their superior officers. Not even the absence of a selfish motive should prevent these officers from being disciplined for the benefit of the entire service.

Twenty years ago writers were praising our navy as heartily as their successors are now damning it. Franklin D. Roosevelt's speech last week to the Navy League, pointing out some of the weaknesses existent in our navy before 1913, raises the question why there was such a change of attitude, and whether it would not be better, from the standpoint of the advocates of "preparedness" and all others, if there were a reversion to the old tone. If ever a nation was unprepared, it was the United States in the days when we were invited to admire the White Squadron. Assistant Secretary Roosevelt cruelly asserted that when the battleship squadron went around the world it was necessary to borrow heavily in officers and men from other vessels and the shore stations; that when Taft reviewed the "great mobilization" in 1912 some of the ships had to be towed to their anchorages. Yet in the stretch from 1890 to 1912 the Davises, the Stephen Cranes, the Reuterdahls, were winning support for the navy by inspiring belief in its efficiency, its size, its beauty, its personnel. Since the new Administration began, the calamity-howling indulged in has been such as to arouse popular disbelief in Franklin Roosevelt's further statements—that the service was never better, that almost for the first time in history the legal limit in enlistment has been maintained, that 85 per cent. of the men are reenlisting.

The prospect for a lively war within the United States is now excellent—that is, war among our belligerent militarists. The advocates of the National Guard and those who desire a volunteer army have passed beyond the stage of outpost skirmishes. They are cannonading each other violently, each charging the other with the maintenance of a lobby dangerous to the welfare of the Republic. Both, it seems to us, have proved their cases, so that we now have the pleasant spectacle at Washington of national defence being dictated by three lobbies—that of the National Guard, of the volunteer army, and of the regular army. At least two of them have been roundly denounced on the floor of Congress. And then we are told we have nothing to fear from militaristic interference with the conduct of civil affairs! Meanwhile, we hear of no move to strike from the Army bill the provision turning over the civil service, without examination, to those discharged soldiers who can get the endorsement of three officers to a certificate of character. This means that the work accomplished for decades past by the civil-service reformers will be undone in considerable part, but we do not hear of Mr. Wilson's forcing this bit of spoils out of the bill by the threat of a veto. It, too, means a step in the militarizing of the Government. Fortunately for the public, the squabbling among our militaristic patriots and members of our defence and navy leagues bids fair to bring out considerable truth as to their methods and what is behind them.

It would be a pity if the Preparedness wind blew us no good at all, and perhaps it is to be credited with the move to end the anomalous status of civilian instructors at the Naval Academy. The *Army and Navy Register* does not overstate when it speaks of the conditions of pay and promotion of these instructors as "chaotic and discouraging." In the department of English, there are one professor and eight instructors; in other languages, five professors and six instructors; in mathematics, four professors and four instructors. But this lack of uniformity—for it is not contended that the differences are due to differences in ability of the teaching force—is the least of the unfortunate circumstances. Tenure is by favor, promotion haphazard, and retirement unprovided for. The question has suddenly become a live one because of the request of the Superintendent for fourteen additional instructors to take care of the 300 additional midshipmen who are expected next autumn. For the sake of attracting first-class men to these positions, as well as with the aim to place all the positions upon a proper basis, a bill has been introduced in the Senate providing for an annual increase of $100 in a professor's salary until it reaches $3,500. As the instructors are to be professors, the improvement would be comprehensive. It should certainly receive the careful attention of the Committees on Naval Affairs of the two houses.

During the passage of the $40,000,000 Rivers and Harbors bill through the House, every effort by Representative Frear and others to strike out doubtful items was defeated. There was little objection to a number of improvements, including those for New York Harbor, carrying $2,356,000, and for the Delaware River, carrying $2,765,000. But Mr. Frear insisted that "no waterway that fails to develop commerce after a fair test, and has had none in the past, should receive encouragement." Of the Red River, for example, he remarked that $500,000 had been spent upon it, and that last year's traffic amounted, aside from logs, to just five tons. A planter testified that the only boat on the river in five years had been a snagboat. On the Brazos nearly $2,000,000 has been expended, and thus far one boat runs on the lower and none on the upper river. There is little likelihood that the Senate will again reject the whole bill, and substitute a lump sum to be allotted by the Chief of Engineers. Such a plan is itself only a makeshift. But it is to be hoped that the bill will be carefully amended.

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Senator Harding, of Ohio, accepted his selection as "keynoter"—otherwise, temporary chairman—of the Republican Convention as a "great honor." But he has already discovered that it is a post of danger. His speech in Chicago, the other day, was a sort of preliminary or experimental keynoting, and it has been met with cries of disapproval from his audience. Senator Harding asserted that the tariff is "certain to be the great issue of the campaign," and next after it is to come the great truth that "the salvation of the country rests with the Republican party." But this tentative keynote has found scant favor. It has, in fact, been openly and promiscuously hissed. Here, for example, is the Boston *Transcript* affirming that "a Convention in harmony with such a keynote would draft a creed and conscript a candidate deserving and doomed to overwhelming defeat." We need only refer to the opinion of that excellent judge of political music, Col. Roosevelt. This critic made haste to pronounce his verdict that Mr. Harding's keynote was "an appeal to the belly." In other days, this would have been rank blasphemy in a Republican. But the party has now apparently made up its mind that there is not another President in a high tariff, and that therefore it is time to leave off drumming on the dinner-pail and adopt an Emersonian pose as a prophet of the soul.

"The judge in his district is a kind of a little king. Too many of them have the fatal desire to write opinions for posterity and really do not get down to the case." This criticism fell from the lips of that notorious reactionary and defender of fossilized courts, William H. Taft. Yet the St. Louis lawyers who heard it did not appear to be shocked at the sudden radicalism of their guest. He went on to declare: "The present system favors the man with longer purse-strings. To correct this, court costs would have to be reduced to a minimum. There has been far too much tinkering with the code, especially in New York." Strong in diagnosis, Dr. Taft is weak in prescription. What of the real cure for the evils thus so candidly recognized? All that we have upon this point is the confession that Mr. Taft always gets "het up" when he hears people talking about the recall of judges and the recall of judicial decisions. But neither he nor anybody else hears very much talk any more about the two-handed sword at the door that was to cure or kill a judge or a decision that did not suit the popular fancy.

"Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose" is the thought inevitably suggested by the very first line of the tables contained in the United States Census Bureau's pamphlet on Comparative Financial Statistics of Cities under Council and Commission Government. That line gives the average per capita levies of property taxes in 1913 and 1915 for three groups of eight cities each—the first having the Mayor and Council form of government at both dates, the second having the Commission form at both dates, and the third having the old form in 1913 and the new form in 1915. In each of the three groups the per capita levy increased, the figures for the first group being $14.73 in 1913 and $16.36 in 1915; in the second $11.11 and $12.31; and in the third $10.08 and $11.24. Accordingly, the two-year interval shows an increase of 11.1 per cent. for the first group, 10.8 per cent. for the second, and 11.5 per cent. for the third—an almost laughable approach to uniformity. It would, of course, be absurd to draw any conclusion as to the relative merits of the two methods from this showing. The amount of taxes paid per head of the population is only one element in the situation; of quite as much importance is the question whether the people get their money's worth for what they pay. But the figures do serve to remind us of the universality of the upward trend of taxes, which we must constantly strive to keep within bounds, but which owes its persistence to causes too fundamental to be removed by a change in the organization of municipal functions.

Science seldom admits a final defeat, but a definite confession of failure in the effort to save the chestnut tree in Massachusetts is announced by the State Forester's office. Something might still be done, but "the area of severe infection is already so great, and the proportion of chestnut that there would be any hope of saving is so small, that the Commonwealth would not be justified in making any attempt to stop the disease." Yet chestnut, according to the same authority, forms approximately one-sixth of the timber in that State. The activities of the State Forester's office will be directed towards giving advice to persons owning chestnut trees. Timber attacked by the disease soon becomes unsalable, but if cut before it is infested, it may be seasoned and kept for many years. People are urged, therefore, to look over their trees and see what condition they are in. Indiscriminate cutting is not advised. Perfectly sound trees may be allowed to put on a year or two more of growth, if they are closely watched for the first signs of the disease. Illustrations in a bulletin issued by the office will aid in this examination, and a member of the staff will inspect trees if his travelling expenses are paid.

John Masefield goes Alfred Noyes one better in the encouragement of poetry. The Princeton lecturer has merely offered his services to the University as editor of a volume of selections of undergraduate verse, but Masefield is tempting Bryn Mawr students actually to write. His prizes are two, one for the best poem, the other for the best piece of prose. The offer was made a few weeks ago, and the first awards have just been announced. The prizes are autographed copies of Masefield's books. But he does not stop here. He has promised to write a verse in honor of the girl who wrote the prize poem, and a bit of prose for her companion in victory. Twenty-five girls entered the poetry competition, and the winner was prolific—and shrewd—enough to submit six poems. This encouragement of poetry by poets is to be welcomed. Even the losers in Mr. Masefield's contest, far from being cast down, announce their intention to "send things to magazines."

Richard Harding Davis belongs to the numerous Peter Pans among American writers, the men who conquer a public through the vigor and color of youthful talent, but who fail to ripen with the years. The original zest and glow, however, he retained till the end, and his is an exceptional record of a sustained popularity of nearly twenty years against formidable competition. His characteristic bright energy showed in a great variety of work—fiction, plays, war correspondence, and, inevitably of course in these later years, the motion pictures, and even vaudeville. His ideals have been justly described as centring in the popular conception of "class." From Van Bibber's easy resourcefulness in metropolitan surroundings there was little change to the clean-cut engineers and soldiers of fortune who asserted the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon blood among the lower breeds. Crisp manhood, in a rather naïve sense to be sure, adventure, fun, were the secrets of Davis's great popularity. But it is very much to his credit that, though he wrote for a large public and in competition with the hectic methods of the younger men, his style was in the established tradition of the English tongue.

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GERMANY OVERTAXES HUMAN CREDULITY.

The story presented by Herr von Jagow concerning the Sussex is, on its face, entitled to little more than contemptuous rejection. Let us forget, for a moment, that it is put forward, with all official punctiliousness and solemnity, by the Foreign Minister of a great nation, and consider it primarily simply on its merits. For weeks the impression has been spread about, with at least the tacit and probably with the explicit consent of the German Government, that the attack on the Sussex could not have been made by a torpedo from a German submarine. The German Government has been perfectly aware of all this, and has allowed the impression to go abroad that her denial of guilt would consist either in the assertion that no German submarine was in the vicinity at the time or in an explanation of the act which would in some way be exculpatory. What she actually says is something surprisingly different from either of these. A German submarine, says Herr von Jagow, was not only in the neighborhood, but actually at that exact moment of time did fire a torpedo at a ship, which struck it in exactly the same part in which the Sussex was hit, and with exactly the same effect. The ship, however, was not the Sussex, but a different ship, concerning which the submarine commander "reached the definite conclusion that it was a war vessel and, indeed, a mine-layer of the recently built English Arabic class."

We have said that this alleged exploit of the submarine occurred, according to von Jagow's statement, at the very moment of time when the Sussex was blown up. The statement places the occurrence at "3:55 P. M., Middle European time"; the official reports concerning the Sussex had fixed it at 2:50, Eastern European time, which is 3:50, Middle European time. A deviation of one or two minutes in the clocks would be sufficient to account for this slight discrepancy, since 2:51 or 3:54 would probably be reported as 2:50 or 3:55. The probability of two events so exactly similar, occurring at almost the same identical spot at practically the same instant, is extremely small. If there were no other indication of the Germans' guilt than that furnished by their own statement, this alone would furnish a strong presumption of it. To break the force of that presumption, we receive nothing more substantial than a sketch of the attacked ship made by the submarine commander—we are not informed when. On the other side, we have had all along specific statements of a number of witnesses who saw the wake of the torpedo, and the fragments of the torpedo itself; and now we have, in addition, the certainty that a German torpedo did, at that very time and at that very place, perform precisely such an act, with precisely such consequences, as those witnesses described. And of the disaster to the warship alleged to have been blown up by the submarine, there had never been, in all these weeks, the faintest trace or suspicion either from German sources or any other. Really, the story would be too ridiculous for serious consideration if it were not the official outgiving of a great Government.

Had this been the first instance in which the question of the character of German official statements relating to submarine operations had arisen, the fact that the story is presented with all the precision and solemnity of an important diplomatic communication would weigh heavily against any adverse conclusion, however strong the inherent probabilities. Unfortunately, the record of the German Government in this regard—to say nothing of its amazing performances in connection with the Brussels documents and other facts relating to Belgium's neutrality—is in the highest degree discreditable. In the Lusitania case, it put forward statement after statement that was proved to be utterly untrue, some of them based on the false affidavits of obscure perjurers. In the Arabic case, it began by assuming an attitude of defiant support of what the submarine commander had stated, a position from which it was compelled to retire. In this instance, over and above the statement of facts as to the attack itself, we have again the familiar assertion—used in the Lusitania case and there proved to be without foundation—that "the particularly violent explosion warrants the certain conclusion that great amounts of munitions were on board" the vessel attacked. Indeed, one has only to read the curious remarks of so strong a newspaper as the *Frankfurter Zeitung*—which declares that even if the torpedo that destroyed the Sussex can be shown beyond the shadow of a doubt to have borne German factory marks, this would prove nothing—to get an idea of the state of mind upon which the German authorities rely for their support at home, if not for their standing and character abroad.

There is one point which may seem puzzling to many. If the story told in von Jagow's note is false, why was it made to correspond so exactly, in all points except the identity of the ship attacked, with the facts of the Sussex? For the Germans to admit the place, the time, and the nature of the damage, was evidently to add enormously to the evidence against themselves; is not their doing so an evidence of truthfulness? While they were about it, why did not they tell a lie more suited to their purpose? There is force in this consideration, but it is not difficult to account for the adoption of just this course. If the evidence that the Sussex was struck not by a mine, but by a torpedo, is overwhelming—as it seems to be—the United States will of necessity place the responsibility upon Germany, denial or no denial; and if the Germans' story had been such as to be incapable of being explained as an error, there would be no way out of the most disagreeable situation that could possibly arise. Had they denied that any submarine was in the neighborhood, or had they named a different time for the attack, or had they described the attack differently, the clash between their statement and our position would have involved a charge of deliberate falsehood. As it is, they have left open a line of retreat. They may, if driven to it, fall back upon the admission that the submarine commander may, after all, have been mistaken in the impression of which his precious drawings are the record, and that the ship may have been the Sussex after all. Whether that dodge would serve their turn, however, is another question. We have had something too much of all this, ever since the day of the monstrous crime of May 7. The time has come for making an end of it.

STRANGE NEW FRIENDS OF PEACE.

Peace hath, indeed, her victories when the managers of Roosevelt's Presidential campaign feel compelled to represent the doughty Colonel as almost a peace-at-any-price man. This is a highly amusing political development of the past few days. Col. Roosevelt's fee-fo-fum talk had been having a great run in these parts. Standing no nonsense from the Kaiser, eating Carranza alive, and fighting any nation on earth at the drop of the hat, were all the rage. People in Wall Street were in a sort of ecstasy at the great Oyster Bay doctrine of "straight United States," always ruffling and spoiling for a fight. Here was evidently the swashbuckling candidate who could "beat Wilson"—and to beat Wilson has become the chief end of man with

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many perturbed folk. As for prattle about the blessings of peace, the only true view was that laid down by Hosea Biglow Roosevelt:

> Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball
> Air good-will's strongest magnets,
> Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
> Must be druv in with bagnets.

A sudden and surprising change, however, came over the spirit of this dream. It was not unlike what happened after Mr. Root's speech, which was going to make him President, but somehow hasn't done it yet. His attack on President Wilson was greeted with rapturous applause in this region, but ominous sounds were heard in the West. "Why, Mr. Root wants war." Thereupon Mr. Root's friends put out a statement to the effect that it was an entire mistake to suppose that, because he assailed Mr. Wilson for not having pursued a more vigorous policy, he himself would go to war at the first opportunity. Similarly, on Saturday and Sunday, we began to get protests and assurances from Mr. Roosevelt's friends and spokesmen and angels. The net effect of them was to implore all good people not to believe that the Colonel was serious in his breathing out of threatenings and slaughter. He is in his heart devoted to peace; and wants to be President again only to make sure that his beloved country will be kept out of war, and to bring peace to war-ruined Europe. Don't be deceived about the Colonel, is the pathetic plea now being made; for in spite of his horrendous language he has no more thought of fighting than a sucking dove.

What is the explanation of this quick change of front? Undoubtedly, the political information which Mr. Roosevelt's faithful reporters have been laying before him. The voice of New York—that "spot on the map," as the Colonel used contemptuously to call it—may be all for war, but a very different utterance is heard in the West, where he has been wont to look for his inspiration and support. There was that staggering vote for Henry Ford in Michigan—a Roosevelt stronghold. There were the fears that Nebraska might be swept the same way. Senator Norris of that State has publicly declared that he has been and remains a warm admirer of Roosevelt, but that he would not support him on the big-armament issue, and that on that issue the Colonel would certainly be defeated in Nebraska. Other signs of the times in the Western heavens are visible to the eyes of Roosevelt's friends. They see that his proposals for universal and compulsory military service are not "catching on" at all. On the contrary, the feeling against a militarist policy is growing so strong that there is even talk out West of starting a new party, with peace and anti-militarism as its chief issues. And for such a party ample financial backing could be easily assured. Now, does anybody suppose that such a political stirring could go unnoticed by the keen politician at Oyster Bay? What, a fund of millions ready to found a peace party which might tempt away from him thousands of his old Progressive following, who believed that he was sincere in his humane cries of 1912? Something must evidently be done. And so we get the authorized announcement that Mr. Roosevelt hates war more than any man living, and desires nothing so ardently as to round out his services to the cause of peace. His press agents are printing lists of the wars which he might have waged, but did not, when he was President. He is held up as another Kaiser, talking more of fighting but doing more to keep the peace than any man of his generation. This, however, is to forget what the Kaiser did at last, justifying the suspicions of him created from the first by his War-Lord posings.

The clear upshot of it all is that Col. Roosevelt is preparing once more to witch the world with noble horsemanship—his particular skill being in riding two horses at once. He did this successfully with the two nags, High Tariff and Low Tariff; he did not fall off when riding with one foot on Good Trust and the other on Bad Trust; he managed even to keep going on Undesirable Citizen and Practical Man; but can he maintain his equilibrium while riding at full tilt both War and Peace? That we shall know in time. For the present, the significant thing is that Mr. Roosevelt's managers have found it expedient to substitute a Quaker hat for his Rough Rider slouch; and are preparing a ballot on which the Colonel's most ferocious sentiment will be printed on one side, with an "over" at the bottom, and on the other side the words: "He doesn't mean it."

DIPLOMACY AND ARMS.

All roads lead to the Rome of big armaments, these days, so that one can't discuss education or art without sliding into some apposite remarks about naval guns. And, of course, if even an astronomer were to lecture before the Navy League in Washington, he would be expected to show that the stars in their courses will fight against us unless we build forty-eight Dreadnoughts. It is not surprising, therefore, that the address before the League by ex-Ambassador Henry White should have come to the universal conclusion from no matter what the premises. Mr. White dealt mainly with questions of foreign policy and of American diplomacy; and with what he said about the need of skill and training in those activities of our Government, and about ruling out mere party politics, there can be little disagreement. But he, too, felt compelled to point the moral and adorn the tale of preparedness, and he did it by giving it as his conviction that "the respect in which a nation is held by others is in exact ratio to the fleets and armies which are believed to be looming in the distance prepared to back up, if necessary, its diplomatic representations."

Has that, in fact, been true of the United States? The question is really twofold. Has our Government ever hesitated to take firm ground for American rights, though American armaments were small? On the other hand, have foreign Governments treated the United States cavalierly in diplomatic controversies, simply because we were without a great navy and large armies? The answer, in both cases, must be in the negative. Time and again our State Department has addressed the stiffest kind of notes to other Governments—the great Powers among them—when our military defence was weak. And time and again foreign countries have made great concessions to the United States, without once, apparently, turning an eye to our "looming" ships and soldiers—that were, in reality, nowhere to be seen.

In 1881, for example, the United States army was not above 25,000 men; and our navy was virtually non-existent. That was before the beginnings of the "new navy." But did this fearful military weakness prevent the Secretary of State from sending a communication almost truculent to the greatest naval Power? Not at all. The Secretary was then James G. Blaine, and in the year mentioned he forwarded a note to Great Britain demanding, in effect, that she cease to insist upon her treaty rights in the matter of an Isthmian Canal. And as if he feared that the British Foreign Office might think that we had not the strength to back up our diplomatic representations, Mr. Blaine coolly wrote: "The *military power of the United States*, as shown by the recent Civil War, is *without limit*, and in any conflict on the American continent *altogether irresistible*." This at a time when we had neither a navy nor an army!

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It may be said that Blaine was only making a magnificent bluff. But if so, he was not the only Secretary of State guilty of doing it. Webster let the eagle scream at Austria, when our power was, militarily speaking, contemptible. Richard Olney addressed to England perhaps the roughest diplomatic note she ever received. American diplomacy has never, in reality, been restrained by fear of military consequences. In the dark days of the Civil War, when British intervention would have seemed fatal to the Union cause, Charles Francis Adams, our Minister in London, did not hesitate to say to the Foreign Secretary: "It would be superfluous in me to point out to your Lordship that this is war"—a plain statement of fact which won the day for the American point of view.

Was all this pure folly, or has it become a sheer absurdity? There was reason behind this consistent American attitude; and there was reason for the deference so often shown the United States by foreign Governments. We had not great actual military strength, but we had a potential military strength which was beyond calculation. Lord Lyons was amazed at the development of American fighting power in the sixties, and wrote to his Government warnings against disregarding it. This was the thing ever in the mind of foreign diplomats. They considered, not the force we could at once put into the field, but our resources, in men, money, and manufactures; our national spirit; our boundless hopes. The record of our diplomatic relations with other countries will be scanned in vain for evidence that any of them ever set out to pick a quarrel with the United States. Many of them have been at great pains to avoid a quarrel with us. And the question of our actually disposable fighting force has scarcely entered into our foreign controversies. Our Government has not been deterred by lack of armaments from notifying the most powerful military nation on earth that we would hold it "strictly accountable" for an invasion of American rights; and that notification has at least received most serious attention by the Power concerned.

It thus appears that Ambassador White is re-writing our history in order to make it square with current ideas about preparedness. We may have been all wrong in the past. It may be true that our boasted security and strength of other days are now but as sand under our feet. But at least let us not seek to bolster up new doctrines by misreading the old.

PRISON QUESTIONS.

Galsworthy's powerful play, "Justice," is not the only thing that gives to questions relating to prisons and crime unusual prominence in New York at this time. The session of the Legislature is coming to a close, and among the bills whose fate is yet to be decided are two which make very different provisions concerning the erection of a Farm Industrial Prison, a matter of cardinal importance to the prospects of prison reform; and another matter that ought to be the subject of very serious thought is the continuous revelation of an appalling state of things brought out by the Baff murder trials, the story of murder carried on as an ordinary trade which first became familiar in connection with the Becker case.

Among these three illustrations of the problems with which prison policy is beset, one might think that there can be no sort of connection. But in reality they are far from being so unrelated as they seem. The question of the bills for a new prison is, indeed, simple enough. One of the two bills —the Sage bill—refers the determination of the site and the decision as to the type of buildings to a commission of five, consisting of the Superintendent of Prisons, the Superintendent of Public Works, the State Architect, and two appointees of the Governor, the latter to serve without pay, and the three first-mentioned State officials to serve without additional compensation. The other —the Towner bill—designates Wingdale as the site of the new prison; refers further questions to a commission of five, consisting of the Superintendent of Prisons and four appointees of the Governor, which latter are to receive $10 a day for their services; and appears to contemplate the use of a cell-block type of prison. Both that type and the Wingdale site—unless greatly enlarged by the purchase of adjoining property—have been declared by competent authorities to be unsuited to the purpose in view. In short, we have here two bills, one of which embodies the conclusions of disinterested workers for prison improvement, while the other bears strong marks of "politics." So long as it is necessary to fight, year in and year out, simply to keep the prison system free from the blight of spoils politics, it is evident that all endeavors to make that system either more humane or more effective must labor under a grievous handicap.

Upon Galsworthy's "Justice," Mr. Osborne, at the request of the New York *Tribune*, has given his reflections. The play centres upon the tragedy of one individual convict—a somewhat unusual but by no means abnormal case. That the tragedy was avoidable is the clear implication of the play, and Mr. Osborne naturally dwells on that aspect of it, and on the hope held out by such an effort as he is making at Sing Sing that such wreckage of human beings may in the future not be wrought in our prisons. In his hope every right-minded man must share; and the effort to that end to which he is devoting his life must command every humane man's admiration. Nor, we believe, does Mr. Osborne, when discussing the whole subject of public policy in relation to crime, commit the error into which some excellent persons have fallen, of denying the essential importance of the great function which that policy must first of all fulfil, the function of deterrence. Yet it is to be feared that the effect produced upon the minds of many by more than one of his utterances will be that of dangerously impairing the sense of that importance. In his comments on Mr. Galsworthy's play, for example, there is no mention or hint of deterrence; and when he tells us that any system which does not turn a prisoner out a better man than he went in "is a failure, and a disgraceful failure," it is inevitable that thousands of sympathetic readers will instinctively feel that what is meant is that a system which does not accomplish this accomplishes nothing.

No error could be more fundamental, and few could be more mischievous. As we centre our minds on the awful wreck that is made of such a man as Falder, who in Galsworthy's play "raises" a check when under the terrible stress of an almost unendurable situation, and when we realize that he might, by sufficient care and thought and humane endeavor, have been restored to a decent life, we are thrilled with the sense of avoidable tragedy. But to imagine that the rigor of the law accomplished nothing but evil, even in such a case, is to permit sentimental regret to usurp the place of reason. For every Falder who yields to a temptation which he is unable to resist, there are ten thousand young men every day who are held back from even entertaining the thought of such a crime by that very rigor of the law which causes the audience at the play to shudder at the prospect of Falder's conviction. This is not to say that solitary confinement is right, or to determine any specific question of prison discipline. What we do say is that, terrible as are the consequences to a given individual,

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the question whether they are properly avoidable or not must be decided not upon a consideration of those consequences alone, but in view of something incomparably more important even than this. And we say this not merely from the standpoint of the protection of society against crime, but from that of the protection of untold thousands from the temptation to crime. Under no conceivable system that would be any kind of protection at all could a man feel that conviction of a felony left upon him no lasting trace of suffering or shame; under any conceivable system it is through the suffering and shame of the few who fall that a vast multitude are saved from the abyss.

The case of the gunmen who killed Baff is different from that of the class we have chiefly in mind in all this; yet the principle of deterrence applies in much the same way. Of such a man as Falder we may nearly all of us say, in the old phrase, that but for the grace of God we should have been in his case; we do not feel so in regard to men so far removed from all the ordinary feelings of decent human beings as to look upon the "job" of killing a man for a few dollars with the nonchalance with which most men think of an ordinary day's work. Yet nothing is more certain than that the only way to keep down that kind of atrocity is to produce upon those inclined to it the feeling that its consequence must be stern, unfailing, inexorable punishment. In the case of the first gunman murderer convicted, the jury hesitated to render a verdict of murder in the first degree solely because of his youth, although he was twenty-one years old. Such a state of mind can only be explained by the supposition that the possibility of reform has usurped an undue place in the prevailing thought on the subject of crime and punishment. Possibly, Arichiello may have in him the seeds of reform; possibly he is not in his heart half so bad as many men who will never see the inside of a prison. But the one paramount object of the law is to make it plain that murder is murder, and will meet the penalty of murder. The one way to keep hundreds of youths of eighteen and twenty from entering into the path which Arichiello trod is to impress them with a sense of the awful, the certain, the unwavering sternness with which the law will exact the punishment of the guilty. Who shall say not only how many Baffs are saved from death, but how many Arichiellos are saved from crime, in England by the swiftness and certainty with which the law is there enforced?

LITERARY PROMISE UNFULFILLED.

The best friends of Richard Harding Davis must have had a sense of his not having lived up to his early promise. No one who can recall as a contemporary the stir caused by the first displays of his talent will be in doubt what is meant. People felt as if a new literary star were swimming into their ken. Here was a writer who in youth disclosed gifts that were touched with a kind of original vigor, and that aroused the hope that he would "go far." And Mr. Davis did undoubtedly go a long way. In the matter of popular success and money rewards, he drank from a full cup. But it remained true that he disappointed the larger hopes of him. The time never came when his most discriminating admirers could burst into the enthusiasm of Tom Appleton over Motley's "Dutch Republic" with the cry: "By Jove, he's done it at last."

All this is no reproach peculiar to Mr. Davis. He was but one of many in his generation concerning whom the confident prophecy has been made, "Ce jeune homme ira loin," only to be frustrated. It is an old story, this of the well of genius not being so deep as we thought when we had our first draughts from it. There is something almost pathetic in the way in which the world is always renewing its hope in rising writers. It is not that we are forever running after novelties. But we keep on craving the appearance of new men who will renew and intensify the great literary tradition. We are repeatedly disillusioned, but we persist in our watch for the coming combination of native force and acquired skill in letters. Emerson described the process. We think that we have at last discovered the thunderbolt which will pierce the earth to its core, but find that it barely scars its tough shell. The new talent soon exhausts itself. What we thought a fountain of genius proves to be only, after all, a slender rill. Some writers say in their first jet all that they find it in themselves to say, and afterwards merely go on trickling more of the same.

This is an old plaint of lovers of literature. But we think that there have been conditions in the publishing world and in the reading public, during the past twenty or thirty years, which have tended to make these disappointments more frequent. Geniuses that seemed to be budding have been blighted, so it would seem, by their unfavorable environment. What we mean is both the blazing publicity which nowadays is made to surround every rising hope of literature, and the studied and almost violent commercial exploitation of his work. The most mature and robust writers can endure this only with difficulty; to the young it is often fatal. The competition for the privilege of carrying their literary baggage; the great rewards dangled before them for hasty work; the eagerness with which they are pressed to undertake what they are not fitted for; the perpetual clamor outside their study windows; the constant puffs preliminary sounded in their ears—all this puts them under peculiar strain and peculiar temptation. It is not at all to be wondered at that so many of them yield, and fail to make their future copy fair their past.

Exceptionally strong and poised literary talents may be able to withstand these allurings. They will refuse to hurry and scamp their writing. They will insist, after one successful book, upon taking time for their springs to fill. We are not without examples of sturdy characters who have not been swept away on the prevailing current. Kipling has had his unproductive years. Mrs. Wharton, whatever one may think of her books, makes the impression of having met all the exactions of her artistic conscience before putting them in print—satisfying her fine sense of style. But too many could be named on the other side, who are made a prey of by magazines and syndicates and besetting publishers. With this pressure so great and the rewards so glittering, it is not surprising that unusual numbers of writers of promise in our day have gone stale, or been diverted into cheap work not congenial to their inherent bent. It is an age that devours quickly its gifted children.

Critics and readers are, of course, often at fault. They pin their expectations foolishly. They do not see how a given engaging talent is necessarily limited, and will be sure to go dry if set flowing very long. Precocity has no guarantee of staying-power. But we cannot, in the end, get away from the established truths of the literary life. Books that live cannot be extemporized. Writers who are to add anything to the great stock need their hours for brooding; for nourishing their strength and perfecting their form. And in so far as bustling and clamorous habits of publishing, in recent years, tend to make this quiet development of literary genius more difficult, they also tend to increase the amount of literary promise unfulfilled.

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Foreign Correspondence

HOLLAND'S NEUTRALITY—THE BATTLE OF THE DUTCH NEWSPAPERS.

By A. J. BARNOUW.

THE HAGUE, March 16.

If Jonathan Swift, among the immortals, has retained his gift of discerning with equal keenness the microscopic and the gigantic, he must, for a moment, have averted his face from the contemplation of this Brobdingnag slaughter to have his satiric laugh at the Lilliputian Battle of the Papers waged in Holland. It was, like his "Battle of the Books," a contest in its way between the ancients and the moderns, between the dull and apathetic dignity of the old established press and the boisterous, ill-mannered *enfant terrible* of Dutch journalism, the Amsterdam *Telegraaf*.

Neutrality as recommended by the Government was to the *Telegraaf* next to high treason. Neutrality meant friendly intercourse with Germany, meant acceptance, if not approval, of the Belgian invasion and, implicitly, the recognition of Germany's right to treat us as she treated Belgium as soon as she saw advantage in doing so. But the *Telegraaf* stood alone in this anti-German agitation; the other leading papers, the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*, the *Handelsblad*, of Amsterdam, and the two Hague journals, the *Nieuwe Courant* and the *Vaderland*, being all faithful supporters of the Government in its careful maintenance of Dutch neutrality. They either ignored the action of the *Telegraaf* altogether, or treated its articles as mere humbug and clamorous self-advertisement.

Dutch papers, one must know, do not depend on a daily sale of their issues hawked in the streets. Every Dutchman is a yearly subscriber to a special journal, which is his sole guide through the maze of domestic and foreign politics. Other papers he seldom or never sees, and of their principal contents he only hears as much as the editor of his own wishes to tell him. For each serious Dutch paper devotes a special department to the condensation of intelligence from other Dutch journals. The editors of the *Telegraaf*, seeing theirs ignored or negligently treated, paid their colleagues back with vituperation and abuse. When argument is met with silence, it naturally deteriorates to clamor and insult. Mr. Nijgh, the owner of the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*, and the editor of the *Nieuwe Courant* were the chosen targets for the *Telegraaf's* venomous arrows. The former especially had to suffer on account of his friendly relations with the German military authorities at Antwerp, which insured him the circulation of his paper all through the occupied part of Belgium. At a conference with these authorities, attended also by a representative of the *Handelsblad*, who told the tale, Mr. Nijgh, by way of giving an opinion on Belgium's resistance against the invasion, is reported to have made the feeble remark, "Better a living German than a dead Hollander," a saying which was exploited by the *Telegraaf* to the utmost as revealing the cowardly and opportunist character of the policy practiced by the Rotterdam paper in general.

But the worried opponents had their revenge. A quarrel between a few members of the staff of the *Telegraaf* and its owner, Mr. Holdert, led to their dismissal, and the injured journalists brought a complaint against their former employer in a meeting of the Amsterdam Press Association. A full report of this meeting was drawn up by a specially appointed committee and circulated through the entire Dutch press, to the immense satisfaction of the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*, the *Nieuwe Courant*, etc.

Of the various charges brought against Mr. Holdert, the weightiest concerned the establishment of an "Anti-Smuggling Bureau," in whose service several persons, both Dutchmen and foreigners, controlled the exports across the Dutch-German frontier, and collected material for publication in the columns of the *Telegraaf*. Their intelligence, it was alleged, was in some instances gained by provocation, and very often drawn from highly doubtful sources. But, what was worse, several cases of clandestine trade were straightway reported by the Bureau to the British and French legations at The Hague. It was justly argued by Mr. Holdert's opponents that the repression of the smuggling trade was an absolutely internal affair, that it was no other Power's business whether the Dutch Government was successful or not in enforcing its own prohibitions against it, and that a Dutchman who could prove their repeated infringement had no other way but to inform his own Government of what he knew. Mr. Holdert argued that his action was quite reconcilable with true patriotism. Any one was free to call at his Bureau and consult the *dossiers;* why, then, should he not be free to inform the foreign Ministers of that which the first comer could get from him for the asking? He had offered the services of the Bureau to the Government, but the Government had not availed itself of them. This attack on his integrity brought him, he pretended, a welcome support in his action against the smuggling trade, as it had made it impossible for the Government to ignore his Bureau any longer. For the *dossiers* of the Bureau were seized by order of court for the purpose of examination, and therewith the battle of the papers came to a close, the victory, as is the case after most battles, being claimed by either party. Public opinion suffered no change from the shock of the battle. Subscribers to the *Telegraaf* are not so easily won over to a neutrality which savors of "Deutschfreundlichkeit." And the German Government itself takes care that the *enfant terrible* of the Dutch press shall not lack readers. This very day the country is startled again by one of these mad-dog furies of German submarine warfare, the torpedoing of the Tubantia, from Amsterdam, within a few hours after leaving port. What better justification could Mr. Holdert wish for his non-neutral attitude? In such moments of general indignation it is his paper that gives the truest expression to popular feelings, the truest and the most beautiful as well. For, whatever its trespasses against wisdom and good taste, the *Telegraaf* will always be remembered as the paper which dared condemn and satirize the crimes of German militarism by those magnificent cartoons of Louis Raemaekers, which have made him the most famous Hollander of the day. The Dutch nation has always expressed its noblest feelings by its artists, and when the historians of a later generation wish to gauge the depth of indignation at this time astir in the popular mind, the truest record will be found in the drawings of this wonderfully gifted man.

GERMANY'S NEW LINE OF DEFENCE THROUGH FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, April 2.

From behind the living wall of German armies there transpire rumors of mysterious military works. Germany's ideal offensive is the attack by surprise, such as her armies have attempted around Verdun. If nothing further, that would give her the natural rampart of the valley of the River Meuse in France. Germany's idea of defence is to prepare for the worst. That may be why she has been fortifying intensively the valley of the Meuse clear across Belgium.

First is the fact. Second is the probable explanation of the fact, for their real reasons German commanders and engineers are not likely to betray. Third, long after will come what is likely to be legend in history.

The fact is that the River Meuse is being treated as a military frontier. From start to finish, where its half-dozen mouths swallow the water and the name of the Rhine, it has a flow of 500 miles, rather more than less. The mouths, in Holland, are not engineered by Germany—that is, not yet. The 300 miles of the river's flow in France have been absorbing the world's attention.

Before their neighbors went crazy and charged down on them from across the Rhine, the dwellers in this valley knew foreigners mainly as tourists. Their river had a long line of landmarks in the flow of Time.

> Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
> And we, on its breast, our minds
> Are confused as the cries which we hear.
> And we say that repose has fled
> For ever the course of the river of Time.
> That never will those on its breast
> See an ennobling sight,
> Drink of the feeling of quiet again.
> But what was before us we know not,
> And we know not what shall succeed.

The Meuse was always a river for poets, and it has become a symbol of this troubled history of Homo Europæus. People are beginning to think of two Mankinds that face each other across it. It is not the "wider, statelier stream" of our Americas, but it averages 300 feet in width through Belgium, and there was an astonishing amount of *fluviatile* navigation on it there and in France, eked out by canals. When peace comes back—if peace should come back—tourists will return to see what happened during the years when its valley was behind the wall made up from guns and men's bodies by Prussian militarism.

It was the day when Germany declared war on Belgium—August 4, 1914—that German cavalry appeared on the banks of the Meuse before Liège. Since then what part of it has not her army crossed and recrossed? Dinant and Namur were taken and the French driven to the river's west in Belgium, only to hear that their own Upper Meuse was bombarded at Etain, all in that first month of August. And now, twenty months later, the guns of German armies thunder again from Etain, which they still hold against the Meuse of Verdun, which the French have held against them ever since.

It is surely not to leave memorials of

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military successes that German engineers have been setting German soldiers to work all along the Meuse, where it flows through the Ardennes—Shakespeare's "forest of Arden"—and from Givet to Dinant and Namur, and past Huy to Liège as far as the Dutch frontier. Even along the tributaries the work goes on. The Semoy, from its crinkling course beginning in Belgian Luxemburg, enters the Meuse just across the French frontier; and the French army was driven hence while battle was raging from Charleroi to Mons. The Lesse, whose wonderful grottoes tourists visited, has its valley wrought into stranger shapes by invading men. So has the Sambre joining the Meuse from the other side.

All this long valley of the Meuse forms a natural defence of whatever army holds it. Now the hillsides bordering it have been dug in trenches, which may interest tourists to come more than the natural grottoes. Barbed wire flings its entanglements far and wide. The valley roads have been forbidden to all passage for days together; and Belgians, no longer peaceable, but sullen and suspicious, tell that these highways have been torn up and mines planted underneath before they were restored to human use. That is for the most part on the left bank, but the right has not been let alone. There convenient plateaux overlook the valley, and on them foundations and shelters for campaign artillery have been made—and in the folds of the earth there are the cement platforms for Germany's latest discovered heavy guns.

There are no longer the works of peace which gave this enchanted valley a look of human gentleness. Nature, working in small details, has bestowed it sometimes on our American scenery, which is wont to be drawn more generously. Nowadays the Meuse valley is less fair and soft and far more ragged than the unappreciated valley of our Mohawk River. There, too, when the light falls horizontal from the setting sun, you can still trace in faint shadows along the hilltops the relief of earthworks of red Indians. The Indians were not organized or efficient enough to make such lasting transformations as those do who work beside the Meuse, and are reverting in many ways to the same moral standard.

Human elements of strength have been enhanced and châteaux turned into strongholds and pleasant country houses razed to the ground. By the river there are pontoons or wooden bridges, ready for use—and for immediate destruction, should the enemy come near enough to make his own uses of them. At Namur, the Belgian forts, so sadly treated, have been remade with outworks far and wide, showing that here Germans will make the stand which Belgians fondly dreamed of. This position commands all the roads towards Germany. And from Namur to Liège the military works which the Germans began from their first invasion have been carried on and completed to give them the utmost strength of resistance.

At Huy, a plaything of a steamboat used to take up and land tourists who wanted to see where Peter the Hermit was buried, and to muse over his statue set up in a garden where was his abbey. Who shall say this war will not be further-reaching in its consequences than the Crusades? Peter the Hermit's preaching never brought out such an array of deadly war as now surrounds his tomb.

What does all this making of a fortified frontier mean? Are Germans building this military wall around what they still hope may be included in Greater Germany? Within there are iron and coal, of which they seem to make more store than of human lives—and, as the wider hope of conquest fades, perhaps it is thought this may be kept against a world tired of war. If not, then all this natural reinforced barrier is to be used to protect to the last Germany's slow retreat to her own lair.

Only history can tell us what is not yet in the field of knowledge—we cannot even know when time shall disclose it. They who live to know will have an impulse to see what new thing man has done with this valley of the Meuse.

The Decline of Personality in Politics

By FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

Joseph Benson Foraker's "Notes of a Busy Life"* will be disappointing to any one who searches the two fat volumes for serious comment on the vital public questions of the day, but whoever wishes to learn the author's opinions of his contemporaries in political life will be abundantly repaid. His chief interest obviously was in the men with whom he formed friendships, or crossed swords, or worked for the success of one party and the destruction of the other, rather than in the historic measures or great principles which were the objects of their struggles. Senator Foraker belonged to the school of politicians to whom the human element in governmental affairs appealed more strongly than the economic; and what he thought about the men of his own time, the whole world is invited to learn.

In the reminiscent panorama are pictured the slyness of Tilden and the commonplaceness of Hayes, the scandal-campaign waged against Garfield and the offences of Cleveland against the code of the war veterans, the good luck of McKinley and the bad luck of Sherman, the hostility of Roosevelt and the ingratitude of Taft, the tergiversations of Hanna and the tirelessness of Tom Johnson, the disappointments of Butterworth and the uncertainties of Burton, the virtues of Alger and the cynicism of Ingalls, the pugnacity of Hoar and the forehandedness of Crane, the blatancy of "Rise Up William" Allen and the usefulness of Spooner, and a thousand other descriptive notes and incidents that give us by reflected light almost as good a perspective view of the author himself as the speeches he made, the letters he wrote and received, and the newspaper comments on him which he quotes at considerable length.

Should any chance draw Mr. Foraker again into official life, he would find himself almost in a strange world. The old leaders for the most part have passed away, and left nobody to take their places. Personality is at a discount; and the prime question with the electors, in considering a candidate, is no longer "Who?" but "What?" A man's antecedents count for little, except as they afford an index of the particular things he knows how to do. If he is an expert in any special line, he will stand a better chance of election through the efforts of the group of people who have some practical interest in his specialty than if he is known merely as a man of high general intelligence, personal force, and moral discrimination, possessed of a faculty for impelling others to pursue the course he has decided upon. Character, in the sense of a strong individuality, does not weigh nearly so much in the balances of popular judgment to-day as what, for want of a better generic term, we style "efficiency." And the advance of efficiency has been the signal for the retirement of almost all that once gave color and spice to the routine work of representative government.

**Notes of a Busy Life.* By Joseph Benson Foraker. Two volumes. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co. $5 net.

I.

The change has been gradual, covering about a generation. Many observers have noted its successive stages without fully appreciating their portent. The remark is common, that the race of great men seems to be extinct in America. This is too sweeping a generalization for ready acceptance, but it is not difficult to discover the source of such an impression. A public man's greatness is measured, in the minds of most of his contemporaries, by his ability to influence others and swing them to the support of this cause or the defeat of that. Sometimes this power is exerted through eloquence in addressing a multitude, sometimes through the subtler processes of private intercourse; but, however it may be put forth, it must have its spring in the magnetic quality. You may draw a huge audience together by advertising a discussion of a subject which for the moment is much mooted; but you can carry that audience with you to the accomplishment of results only if you are capable of stirring its emotions into an activity which clamors for an instant outlet in work. You may argue with a man all day, and even convince his judgment; but if your presentation of your arguments lacks a certain dynamic force which every one recognizes, but none is able to define, he remains a mere trophy of your propaganda, and does nothing for the further spread of it.

It was his wonderful voice and his Jove-like brow and eyes, quite as truly as his logic, that made Webster so powerful a factor in the politics of his time. Wendell Phillips used to enjoy telling how, when the Whig party resigned itself to dissolution, Webster thrilled a hallful of Bostonians with the simple utterance of the cry: "Then, where am *I* to go?" And for the moment, all thought of the impending party cataclysm and what it meant for the country fled from their minds, driven out by their wonder as to what fate, indeed, was in store for this giant!

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It was Clay's sweet dignity of manner, quite as much as his intellectual eminence, that made the men and women of his circle forget their prejudices, and occasionally their principles, in their idolatry of him. But for this endowment of personal attractiveness, he might have talked the Missouri Compromise and Squatter Sovereignty into an early grave instead of into the statute-book.

Andrew Jackson, who resembled neither of these men, left a mark on his time far deeper than both together. Though the stories may be exaggerated which describe sundry old-fashioned citizens in remote districts as still insisting on voting for "Old Hickory" at every Presidential election, it is undeniable that the present generation knows the personality of Jackson as it knows that of scarcely any other of our long line of Presidents.

Looking for illustrations nearer our own era, take the foremost figures in the Republican politics of the eighties, Conkling and Blaine. However little the calm historical critic may find to admire in their records, he cannot deny the tremendous personal influence exerted by both. Blaine's was more widespread than Conkling's during their joint lives, and lasted longer in full force, even after defeat; but Conkling's was intense enough in its best days to make up, and more, for any deficiencies in other respects. Their appearance—Blaine with a shock of hair that the phrase-makers could transfigure into a white-plumed helmet, Conkling with his tawny curl drooping over a broad forehead, his perfection of attire, his majestic courtesy and double-edged sarcasm—lent itself to the theatrical effect of whatever they did. Conkling realized the value of this, perhaps, more than Blaine. For a number of years it was one of the "sights" of Washington to witness his daily entrance of the hall of the Senate. He would never appear till the scene was perfectly set, and then only by the central door at the rear of the stage, to march, like the king in the drama, with measured tread, down the middle aisle towards the footlights. We may laugh a little as we recall these things; but when we reflect that the man who made a study of such effects nevertheless held loyal to him a following strong enough to break a great national party in twain and change the current of American history, we are bound to admit that personality counted in those days for a good deal in public affairs.

Then, take two men of wholly different type from those we have just considered: Edmunds of Vermont and Thurman of Ohio, opposed to each other in politics, with dissimilar training and social environment, widely separated in almost every respect except their high sense of honor and their rugged patriotism. Though they often clashed publicly on governmental policies, they were the warmest of personal friends away from the arena of conflict. How their fellow-citizens regarded them was well shown by the fact that, when it was announced that either was to take part in a Senate debate, floor and galleries would fill to overflowing—not because a feast of oratory, in the popular sense, was to be expected, for the speeches of both were more like an argument in court than a plea for votes, but because of the universal interest felt in the men themselves. Nobody seemed to care so much for the course of reasoning by which Edmunds had reached a certain conclusion, as for the basic fact that he had reached it. With a large body of his disciples, his dictum that one thing was wise and another foolish settled the question for good; or the declaration of Thurman that some act contemplated by the President would be unconstitutional made it so, for thousands of people all over the country, as surely as a pronouncement of the tribunal of last resort.

It was with an equal deference, though with some variation in expression, that Carlisle of Kentucky and Reed of Maine were regarded. When Carlisle opened his lips on any subject, his utterance was to a grand army of citizens what the words of Moses were to the children of Israel. Reed took upon himself, single-handed, the reversal of precedents which had governed the conduct of the House for a hundred years. He was not pushed into this struggle from without; nobody laid down any code of instructions for him to follow; he did not feel obliged to advertise his plans in advance or make an itemized report on their success after all was over. It was enough for the mass of his supporters that he had satisfied himself that certain things were necessary, and had proceeded to do them. Look over Congress to-day, and where do we find a Carlisle or a Reed? In the House, to be sure, we have a Cannon whose district sends him back term after term, with a skip at long intervals, like the occasional assassination that is said to temper despotism in Russia. Of the Senators, Lodge is perhaps the most independent in action.

Here are gathered more than five hundred men, representing very fairly, as a whole, the average of American intelligence; but individually they stand for districts or States, the boundaries of their respective jurisdictions as clearly marked as those of the checkers on a board, with scarcely a national figure among them. We search the assemblage in vain for "characters" like the impetuous Mills and the bounding Boutelle, the querulous Hale and the shrewd but smiling Aldrich, the golden-tongued Dolliver and the silver-plated Breckinridge, the sudden Chandler and the torrential Frye, the quaint elder Culberson and the fiery Lamar. "Cy" Sulloway is still with us, but in an unwonted mood of self-repression; Tillman, but without his pitchfork. All that the hero-hunters can find to interest them are the exquisite Lewis in the upper chamber and the rough-hewn and knotty Davis in the lower.

II.

Unquestionably, the old spirit has oozed out of Congress. The day of the picturesque and colorful in our public life generally has made way for the day of the mechanical and unadorned. Solid facts and figures, sharply outlined policies and black-and-white instructions, obedience that knows no discretion, and statistical records of results carried out to the sixth decimal—these are most striking insignia of the new order; while the popular election of Senators, the Presidential-preference primaries, and the spread of the referendum and recall are towing us as fast as practicable out of the snug harbor of a representative system towards the open sea of a strictly popular government.

The movement doubtless has its meritorious features; so, indeed, has the campaign of materialism which swept the Santa Claus myth out of Christmas and reduced the celebration to a mere debit and credit ledger account. The only question is whether we have profited enough by the change to make good all the losses we have suffered. Call the sentiment with which the old leaders were regarded a blind faith if you will; decry it as unbecoming a people who boast their proved capacity for governing themselves; and yet, in this complicated social fabric of ours, who among us can pretend to be free from the rule of personal confidence? There are countless matters entering into our daily life concerning which we must rely wholly on the judgment of others, often of persons with whom we have had no familiar relation hitherto. The banker with whom we deposit our idle funds, the attorney to whom we entrust our litigation, would have to go out of business to-morrow but for the confidence reposed in them by comparative strangers. We certainly should not employ them unless we believed that they could care for our interests better than we could ourselves. In cases about which they are consulted, we give more weight, as a rule, to their advice than to our own inexpert inclinations.

Except in rare instances, probably, we have to make our choice of confidants from among a good many bankers and a good many lawyers, all presenting about equal claims to our patronage; what, then, is our standard of discrimination? We say: "I feel that I can trust this man," or "That man does not impress me." We have no concrete evidence on which to base the contrast; in the final solution of such a question the sentimental factors are apt, whether we desire it or no, to prevail over the purely practical. A selection once made on this basis, we give the man of our choice only a broad general suggestion of what we wish him to do: the details we leave to his sagacity, making it a point to avoid all unnecessary interference with his freedom of action.

Do these practices in private life differ essentially from the old fashion in politics? And, in view of the parallel, can we expect to exclude the influence of personality wholly from our political life in the interest of

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the new idol called Efficiency? Is there not danger that in trying to do so we may go too far, and do as much damage in one direction as we accomplish good in another? Would it be an unqualified gain to blot out whatever in our public affairs is bright-hued and stimulating, and reduce their tone throughout to a dull gray?

Correspondence

WISCONSIN'S FAVORITE SON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In view of the fact that some newspapers have been led to conclude that the Wisconsin voters did not support Senator La Follette at the Presidential primary held on April 4, it should be known that returns from fifty-nine of the seventy-one counties of the State show that 92,308 voters expressed their preference for Senator La Follette for President, and that some of the twelve counties from which returns are still missing have always given Senator La Follette strong support. Their returns will swell his vote to considerably more than 100,000. Governor Philipp, who ran as an opposition delegate at large, received the largest vote of any delegate opposing Senator La Follette. Complete returns give him 69,530 votes.

Senator La Follette received more votes than were cast for any opposition delegate in every one of the fifty-nine counties from which complete returns have been received, except four. Fifteen out of the twenty-six delegates to the National Convention from Wisconsin are pledged to support Senator La Follette, and his majority would have been greater had it not been for the fact that many voters simply expressed their preference for Senator La Follette without voting for the La Follette delegates. This is shown by the fact that complete returns give the La Follette delegate at large receiving the highest vote 68,570, while the returns from fifty-nine of the seventy-one counties of the State show that 92,308 voters in those fifty-nine counties expressed their preference for Senator La Follette. A Wisconsin Voter.

Madison, Wis., April 11.

"THE FRIENDS OF ALBANIAN INDEPENDENCE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: An association called the Friends of Albanian Independence has been formed. It has two objects—to get as much publicity for Albania as possible, and as many people as possible to sign the pledge-card of the organization as a tangible proof of interest and sympathy in the struggles of this brave race for freedom. The statement on the pledge-cards is as follows: "Current history shows that there can be no permanent peace in Europe until the Balkans are tranquil. A free and independent Albania is necessary as a buffer state between rival Powers, if there is to be peace in the Balkans. Therefore I believe that when the new map of Europe is made after the war, the London Conference of 1913 should be respected, and the territory of Albania confided to its lawful owners who have possessed it from time immemorial; and I hereby enroll myself among the Friends of Albanian Independence." These cards can be obtained from Mr. John Adams, of the *Albanian Era*, 1412 South Halstead Street, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Kol Tromara, secretary of the Vatra, or Pan-Albanian Federation, at 97 Compton Street, Boston, Mass.; or from the undersigned at Belcourt, N. D.

As the future of this brave people may depend upon their success in getting their plight before the American public, contributions will be very welcome and should be sent to the director of publicity, the undersigned, at Belcourt, N. D. Joseph F. Gould.

Belcourt, N. D., March 20.

MAHLER AND SENSATIONALISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the last number of the *Nation* your musical critic, Mr. Henry T. Finck, says that the rendition of Mahler's symphony by a chorus of a thousand voices was against the composer's intention and wish, and that the idea of so large a chorus arose in the mind of a sensational Munich manager and was forced upon Mahler despite his protest. I question the correctness of the statement, for I was in Munich during the summer when the rehearsals for Mahler's symphony were being conducted under the direction of the composer, and I had the good fortune to be present at the initial performance, which was attended by musicians from all parts of Europe and was hailed as a great musical event. I never heard at the time any such suggestion as the one put forward by your reviewer, nor did any of the Munich papers, which brought detailed and highly enthusiastic notices of the symphony, say anything whatever of any such story of opposition between the composer and the manager. To make quite sure of the fact, however, for I am neither a musician nor a musical critic, I wrote to one whose authority will not be questioned and in reply received the following statement:

When the first performance was given in Munich, Mahler had a little over one thousand performers, bringing one chorus from Vienna and the other from Leipzig. He, himself, made all the arrangements and conditions of this performance and made it also a condition with his publishers that all other performances should be on the same, or about the same, scale. Consequently, the performances in Berlin, Vienna, Frankfort, Hamburg, Leipzig, etc., have all had about one thousand performers, some even more than that number.

Moreover, I am told that when Mr. Stokowski approached those in control of the symphony, with the indication of his desire to perform the work in America, a chorus of one thousand performers or thereabouts was expressly stipulated, and for the reason that the late Gustav Mahler had made a particular point of this and had impressed upon his publishers and managers the importance of doing this always on the proper scale or else leaving it unperformed.

I hope that in justice to Mr. Stokowski, the able and energetic leader of the Philharmonic Orchestra, you will be willing to make this correction. Morris Jastrow, Jr.

Philadelphia, April 16.

[The statement to Professor Jastrow of "one whose authority will not be questioned," that Mahler himself made all the arrangements for the Munich festival, is contradicted by Mahler's biographer, Paul Stefan, who remarks on page 115 of the English version of his book (which is published by G. Schirmer) that the composer's manager, Emil Gutmann, "stimulated, arranged, and carried the performances through." The information that Mahler was at first indignant at Gutmann's plan of having the symphony sung by a monster chorus was given to me by a musician who knew Mahler well and who was in Munich at the time. Proof that Mahler did not conceive his score for so big a chorus lies in the fact that he well knew that, to balance such a chorus, singing fortissimo all the time (as it does in Part I), an orchestra of two hundred would be needed to restore the balance. At the performance given in New York by the Philadelphia Orchestra and chorus, the orchestra was often almost inaudible. For purely musical reasons, a chorus of two or three hundred would have been preferable. That Mahler himself made it a condition that his eighth symphony should always be sung by a monster chorus, I refuse to believe. The Munich performances showed him that it pays to advertise; but sensationalism of any kind had always been abhorrent to his mind, and it is not likely that his character was utterly changed by this one experience. That whatever success the symphony has had has been due to sensational advertising of the huge chorus, is unfortunately true. With rare unanimity, the critics have condemned it as uninspired. This is not written by an enemy of its composer. Just before leaving America, Mahler wrote to me that my sympathy with his labors had been one of the few things that had made America worth while for him.—Henry T. Finck.]

THACKERAY AND "TIMBUCTOO."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The reviewer of Lounsbury's "Tennyson" in your issue for March 30 deplores the fact that Thackeray's parody on Tennyson's "Timbuctoo" was not mentioned. Perhaps Mr. Lounsbury did not mention it for the simple reason that Thackeray never wrote a parody on the poem. Both Tennyson and Thackeray were undergraduates when the subject "Timbuctoo" was announced by the authorities. Tennyson contributed a poem in competition, and Thackeray wrote a burlesque, not of Tennyson, but as a playful mock contribution for the prize. It is so constantly stated that Thackeray parodied Tennyson that perhaps this note is not superfluous.

Wm. Lyon Phelps.

Yale University, April 1.

THE COLLEGE ADMINISTRATION AND THE COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In "An Instructor's Point of View" a recent correspondent of the *Nation* has raised one of the vital problems of college administration, and given a half answer—more pay. From the administration's point of view, more care in the selection of instructors is the other half of the answer.

An experienced college president consigns all applications to the waste-basket and de-

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clines with thanks the offered aid of agencies. He does not leave departments or heads of departments to make their own selections; for though they know better than he some of the specific things they want, he knows from long and often sad experience the things in general the college does not want.

The good college instructor should combine six qualities: sound health, high character, thorough scholarship, genial personality, artistic appreciation, and contagious enthusiasm. The department is too prone to snap up the first man who comes along with two or three of these qualifications, especially if scholarship be one of them. The experienced president is willing to hunt for six months or a year to find the man who combines in happy proportion the whole six, or at least four or five of these essentials. When he finds such a man he engages him, if need be, a year or two in advance, offers him a little more than the market price, and promotes him to an assistant professorship at the first opportunity. For instance, we have at Brunswick this year four new instructors. Three of them receive $1,200, and the fourth, who has more experience in college teaching, and a wife and child, receives $1,400. Two of these were recommended by the permanent members of the faculty a year and a half, and elected by the trustees and overseers a year, before they came, the college waiting for them to prosecute their graduate studies. At the end of the first half year all four of these men were recommended unanimously by a conference of the professors for promotion to assistant professorships at the end of their first year of service as instructors.

Selecting a professor is almost as solemn an act as taking a wife, and in these days of increasing divorce often involves more permanency. The recommendation of the professors in informal conference has no legal force; but as a matter of fact, for years all such recommendations have been followed by election by the trustees and overseers. The president, after close and constant consultation with the head of the department, nominates the instructor and presents all the information about him to the conference of professors. This gives him abundant opportunity to be influential, but none whatever to be arbitrary or dictatorial. The instructor receives his call and his promotion or dismissal virtually from the body of full professors assembled in informal conference, who know all about him and know the needs and traditions of the college; legally and technically from the trustees and overseers to whom, in the nature of the case, he cannot be much more than *x*, *y*, or *z*.

Bowdoin College has no instructorships which are maintained permanently as instructorships. Every instructor is in line for promotion to an assistant professorship the instant he makes good. The experienced administrator will see at once that this policy is expensive, and ask how it can be done. By cutting down the number of courses offered in each department. In a college, as distinct from the graduate school of a university, sixteen courses are not twice as good as eight; indeed, sixteen courses, half of which are taught by underpaid, inexperienced, indifferent instructors, are not half as good as eight courses all taught by picked, well paid, not overworked professors.

Nine-tenths of all our colleges would be greatly improved by adopting the latest Harvard motto, "The student, not the subject, is the educational unit," cutting down the number of courses by one-third and increasing, as they easily could do, the pay of both professors and instructors by one-fourth. But Amherst is afraid or ashamed to offer fewer courses than Williams; Mount Holyoke to offer fewer than Wellesley; Knox to offer fewer than Beloit. The courage to offer a better meal on a smaller bill of fare is what we lack.

WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE.

Bowdoin College, March 25.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With the profound admiration of a lifetime for the art and artists Europe has given us in opera, but with our national music coming into existence—which can only be maintained through the medium of the English tongue—the writer feels there is no longer an excuse for further barring our language from the operatic stage. The performances of opera in English at least once each week in every operatic company should now be demanded by the general public, art patrons, critics, and musicians. This is our *right*, and if we fail to demand it, we are guilty of unpardonable injustice to the art of our country, and are wanting in patriotism.

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER.

Chicago, April 7.

Notes from the Capital

JAMES HARVEY DAVIS.

Lean, solemn-eyed, with his grizzled-gray drooping moustache and narrow beard, James Harvey Davis, of Texas, nicknamed the Human Cyclone, looks like a ghost of the old South come back to haunt the places where once it was a power. The early sixties saw many thousand men who looked just as Davis does, mounted on horses and mules, often with home-made bridles, roaming the disputed border country, subsisting on pigs and poultry which they slaughtered on the spot, and on corn stripped from the stalks and eaten in the fields as they rode through. Davis was not among them, of course; he was only eight years old when the Civil War broke out. As he sits in the House of Representatives now, nursing one purplish-trousered knee, which hangs bent over the other, and grimly watching the proceedings of his fellow members, he is a thing apart from the rest of the show. Visitors usually inquire who he is, but are always nonplussed by his conventional name till the nickname is added, and then they stare at him afresh and marvel that so simple-looking an old rustic could stir up so theatrical a disturbance when he feels like it.

The chances are more than fair that he will not feel much like it hereafter. The rebuke that the House gave him the other day in demanding that he expurgate the speech he had contrived to put into the *Record* under the leave-to-print rule seems to have taken a good deal of the spice out of his life. He is a far soberer citizen now than he was when he wrote that effusion, with its comparison of an offending critic to a skunk and a buzzard and all the other disagreeable fauna he could recall from Noah's passenger-list. He has even given up, to a large extent, his old practice of signifying his approval of anything that went on by a fervent "Amen!" groaned in so loud a voice as to be distinctly audible in the galleries.

Davis made his first mark as a national character in the Convention held at Music Hall in Cincinnati in 1891, where representatives of all the irreconcilable elements in the body politic assembled to form the People's party. With his untrained but powerful voice, his trick of gesturing with every member of his physical frame in turn, his lurid figures of speech, and his relentless denunciations of the Moloch Capital, which he had a detective's scent for discovering under its most skilful disguises, he was one of the men who made the Convention worth talking about. In the exciting campaign of the next year, when the Populists cast more than a million votes and won twenty-two electors for General Weaver, he took a prominent part; and in his debate with Watt Hardin, of Kentucky, on the money question, in which he advocated the issue by the Government of an unlimited volume of irredeemable paper currency, he acquired the newspaper title which has clung to him ever since. Indeed, so nearly universally is he known as "Cyclone" Davis that half his daily mail comes to him with that superscription.

What a native gift for "language" would do for a man in certain parts of the country as lately as forty years ago, even though he had no sterner claims to public favor, was shown in Davis's election to be Judge of Franklin County, Texas, when he had only just come of age, and four years before he had been admitted to the bar. He seems to have carried his passion for picturesque expression into the very naming of his children, three of whom have been christened respectively Arlon Barton, Valton Gerston, and Landon Vardo. Expletives of a vivid sort, drawn from a rather primitive vocabulary, are the weapons with which he pursues the foes of the Common People, hurling them like hand-grenades at one head after another. When he is not vituperative, his poetic fancy takes such prophetic leaps as this:

"It will not be long before all the old veterans, both North and South, will hear the bugle's blast, blown by a trumpeter who stands by the golden gates of Eternity. It will not be long before, bent down by years, they will take their last drink from the canteen of life. It will not be long until Heaven's angel band will be the music of their drum-corps.

"And, sir, in my mind's eye I pull away the mystic curtains that hang between us and glory-land and see the grand reunion of the sons of the South and boys of the blue following Grant and Lee under the archways of infinitude and entering that eternal day in glory that knows no end."

To three objects in nature Davis cherishes a mortal aversion. One is the liquor traffic, which needs no interpretation; another is the Morgan Melon-Cutter caste, in which he apparently includes all persons who have acquired a financial surplus large enough to buy a share of corporate stock; and the third is the Collar Democracy, which, his expounders take pains to explain, means those members of his own party who pay too much respect to certain social conventions typical of control by any power outside of themselves.

Is it not easier, now, to understand how he comes to be a Representative-at-Large from a monster State, instead of the spokesman for any one little cooped-up district? TATTLER.

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Literature

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF C. F. ADAMS.

Charles Francis Adams, 1835-1915: An Autobiography. With a Memorial Address by Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

"The Adamses," wrote Lowell, "have a genius for saying even a gracious thing in an ungracious way." Charles Francis Adams highly approved of that when he read it. "It was so keen and true!" Yes, but what a gift the Adamses also had for saying outright ungracious things! It almost seems as if Charles Francis had gathered all of them that he could think of into this autobiographical sketch. With a severely impartial pen he dealt out retributive justice to all and sundry. There were faults in his grandfather and father which it was their descendant's duty to point out. His early home life and his education were all wrong. He was made to live in the wrong kind of house, in the wrong place, and was sent to the wrong schools. In order to heap mistake upon mistake, his father destined him for Harvard, where the teaching was as bad as it could be—until Eliot came along to make it worse! Next put to the study of the law, the decision itself was a blunder and the means of carrying it out were stupidly chosen. "I do not hesitate to say that these mistakes . . . have gravely prejudiced my entire life."

Let no one think that this blame-distributing Adams spared himself. A man of more vigorous character might have surmounted the errors of his upbringing—but he, why, he was beyond hope! He lacked energy. He was always choosing the wrong road. He never knew his splendid opportunities till they had flown. When he was fifty-five he read over a diary which he had kept as a young man:

> The revelation of myself to myself was positively shocking. Then and there I was disillusioned. Up to that time I had indulged in the pleasing delusion that it was in me, under proper conditions of time, place, and occasion, to do, or be, something rather noticeable. I have never thought so since. Seeing myself face to face cured me of that deception. I felt that no human being who so pictured himself from day to day could, by any possibility, develop into anything really considerable. It wasn't that the thing was bad; it was worse! It was silly. That it was crude goes without saying. *That* I didn't mind! But I did blush and groan and swear over its unmistakable, unconscious immaturity and ineptitude, its conceit, its weakness, and its cant. I saw myself in a looking-glass, and I said, "Can that indeed be I!" and, reflecting, I then realized that the child was father of the man! It was with difficulty I forced myself to read through that dreadful record; and, as I finished each volume, it went into the fire; and I stood over it till the last leaf was ashes. It was a tough lesson, but a useful one. I had seen myself as others had seen me.

Is this beating of Rousseau at his own game of confessing—and pages more of the same sort could be quoted—a pose, an affectation? That is unthinkable in an Adams. A plausible explanation is that Charles Francis wrote all this in his old age; and that he did not intend it as a rounded view of his life or of his own estimate of it—he, in fact, sent it to the Massachusetts Historical Society as "an autobiographical sketch" which might serve as material for a memoir. Writing at odd moments, as the fire burned, it is easy to see how he put into these pages many a passage which, while true to his thought at the time, he himself would have roared over later. If he destroyed his diary, what might he not have done to this autobiography!

Not that we would have missed it for much. The real Adams comes out in it. The hues of his pencil are not too sombre to disguise him entirely. Despite his lugubrious complaints about his education, we see that he got a very good one. At Harvard he learned to read and he learned to write—moreover, as he almost grudgingly confesses, he had a very enjoyable life at Cambridge—and a college can seldom do more than that for any young man. His army career was like a splendid setting-up exercise for him. His railway experience gave him big problems and keen delight in mastering them. A chance push into historical investigation led him to an avocation for the rest of his life. And the varied calls upon him as essayist, speaker, director, overseer, reformer led to constant and pleasurable putting forth of his energies. No sour or *manqué* life was that of Charles Francis Adams, but one of abounding savor and success so marked that they cannot be concealed by any effort of his own to whittle down the facts.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter of the book is the one entitled "Washington, 1861." The author was there with the elder Charles Francis through the trying months before the rebellion broke out. He had exceptional opportunities to observe what was going on in both camps, and it is a vivid picture which he gives of the *quantula sapientia* of the best statesmanship of the time. Sumner was almost out of his mind with excitement and impatience of everybody else. Seward was cool and actively scheming, but was hopelessly on the wrong track. Lincoln was the only one who kept his head or his poise, yet he had the confidence of few. The most knowing politicians thought of him as a slouching ignoramus from Illinois. The elder Charles Francis Adams often despaired of him. Nobody, unless it were Lincoln, foresaw what was coming or how to meet it. All this is set forth with great piquancy by Charles Francis the younger. He includes himself among the purblind of the time. But he was at least open-eyed to the folly of Seward's proposal to prevent civil war by bringing on a great foreign war. This was Seward's mad "plunge." As bearing on it, the autobiography refers to a significant letter from Henry Adams, then secretary to his father in London. "He closed in a grand panic, telling me that the day before a dispatch had been received from Seward which meant European war—that it would come within two months. His own faith in Seward was, he said, shaken, for he seemed resolved to lash the country into a foreign war." But we know now with what wonderful sagacity and mastery Lincoln met the crisis created by the rash and arrogant project of his Secretary of State.

Many a racy passage in the volume begs for quotation. We must content ourselves with but one. Charles Francis Adams had intimate knowledge of many of the leading business men and captains of industry and railway magnates of his day. Here is his opinion of their general mental quality and cultivation:

> As I approach the end, I am more than a little puzzled to account for the instances I have seen of business success—money-getting. It comes from a rather low instinct. Certainly, so far as my observation goes, it is rarely met with in combination with the finer or more interesting traits of character. I have known, and known tolerably well, a good many "successful" men—"big" financially—men famous during the last half century; and a less interesting crowd I do not care to encounter. Not one that I have ever known would I care to meet again, either in this world or the next; nor is one of them associated in my mind with the idea of humor, thought, or refinement. A set of mere money-getters and traders, they were essentially unattractive and uninteresting.

CURRENT FICTION.

An Amiable Charlatan. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Babette. By F. Berkeley Smith. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A talent for thievery amounting to positive genius, an urbane exterior, and the most engaging personal qualities constitute the common equipment of the heroes of two otherwise dissimilar novels.

Mr. Smith's Raveau is a Parisian past-master of dishonest arts who falls in love with an innocent country girl, and thereafter, aspiring to become an honest man, is rewarded for his present efforts and his past expertness by employment in the detective service. Shades of Balzac! For its picturesqueness the story depends largely upon contrasting backgrounds—Montmartre and the village of Tourraine. It contains no element of plot, character, or local color that is not already over-familiar.

Mr. Oppenheim relates the exploits of one who enjoyed the reputation of a thief while remaining an honest man. It was an eccentric Western American who enlivened his sojourn in London by the exercise of this questionable skill, and it was an English gentleman of irreproachable respectability who persisted in liking the jovial adventurer, and making love to his charming and

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equally adventurous daughter. The humor of being followed around by a detective and searched every little while, to the discredit of the baffled representative of Scotland Yard, never palled upon Mr. Bundercombe, nor upon his dismayed but admiring Mr. Walmsley. How long this recurring situation will hold a laugh for the reader will depend upon his individual partiality for that classic figure of fun, the triumphant and benevolent joker of farce-comedy.

The Abyss. By Nathan Kussy. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The publishers introduced this book to the reviewers with a little pamphlet and much pomp. It is, we were privileged to learn in advance, a masterpiece as well as a first novel. It represents "one whose work is of such outstanding character that his place in American literature is henceforth assured." This is remarkable, but not remarkable enough; what has whetted our appetite for the book to a really painful pitch is the information that "if Victor Hugo had lived in America, 'Les Misérables' would have been a book like this." Alas, the old familiar experience is ours once more: this, we discover, is but the old salesman's patter. The author has not even tried to be a Victor Hugo, he has only tried to be a Dickens.

But we do not mean to laugh at Mr. Kussy or his book; but it seems fair to call the attention of publishers to the fact that if they wish to cram a new author down the editors' and reviewers' throats, it does not help to endow him with elephantiasis. This is a book of serious purpose and of considerable merit. If, at twenty, the writer entered in his diary, "What Dickens was to England, I will be to America," it was because he wished to be useful, as Dickens was, in lighting the dark places. The Dickens flavor of his style is unfortunate: that alert saliency, that convolving humor, are now out of fashion and out of place. Certainly, they cannot be imitated, however unconsciously, with safety, by a writer who is honestly attempting to give his interpretation of modern life. The best tribute Mr. Kussy can pay to his master would be to write not as his master did, but as his master would have written under our conditions.

For a long narrative of five hundred pages, the persistent use of the present tense is wearisome. Even vividness, by never relaxing, may become dulness. But the mood of the book is sincere. The story of the Hebrew boy, born in the slums of Newark, and destined to work his way upward by slow and painful stages towards the life of a reasonable and useful being—this is the perennial miracle of the melting-pot. It is told with unabashed sentiment, as Dickens would have told it—with sentimentalism, if you like. The child's tender relation with his good mother, his natural instinct towards decent living, his painful initiation into vice and the standards of the underworld—this picture, we believe, is quite as true as that more familiar one of the slum-child who has no parents, or worse than none, and is virtually cradled in the gutter. How Sammy Gordin becomes an orphan and a waif, the "prushun" of a hobo, and a full-fledged rascal of the roads; his adventures thereon, amorous and otherwise; his imprisonment as a vagabond; his groping attempts, with the prison brand upon him, towards an honest life—this is the substance of the volume. It is planned as the first volume of a trilogy. The second is to continue the hero's adventures in the underworld, in Chinatown, and upon "the Coney Island of a quarter of a century ago." The third will show him in the process of emerging from the Abyss and taking his place in the decent world of men. The special object of the present narrative is to reveal the abuses of our prisons, and of our systems of police detection and surveillance—as Dickens revealed Dotheboys Hall or the Marshalsea. But there is real characterization here: the hero himself is a person to believe in and to follow with interest.

The Conquest of America. By Cleveland Moffett. New York: George H. Doran Co.

It appears that in April of the year 1921 the Gatun Locks at Panama were blown up with dynamite, and America found herself unexpectedly "plunged into war" with Germany. Artful rumors had been spread of danger from Japan, and most of our fleet had been decoyed into the Pacific. At once a huge German fleet appeared in the offing, with transports holding 150,000 men, who were promptly debarked on Long Island. Gen. Wood, with his feeble force of a few thousands of available men, was helpless before the fully equipped and excusably complacent von Hindenburg. That the German scourge had actually arrived was brought home by its effect upon people with real names. For example, almost at the outset, it was a shot from Bert Osborne's livery stable, and another from White's drugstore, in the village of East Hampton, which obliged the invaders to teach somebody a lesson. Sniping was sniping, whether in Belgium or in America. Presently a twelve-inch gun spoke up: "The first shell struck the stone tower of the Episcopal Church and hurled fragments of it against a vine-covered cottage next door, which had been the home a hundred and twenty years before of John Howard Payne, the original 'home, sweet home.' The second shell struck John Drew's summer home and set it on fire; the third destroyed Albert Herter's studio and slightly injured Edward T. Cockroft and Peter Finley Dunne, who were playing tennis on the lawn." This kind of thing was hard to bear, and when presently the foe (by way of a further lesson) demolished the Woolworth Building with a single shot, and the Singer Building with another, New York and America readily saw that they were in for it. The fact that the Crown Prince, von Kluck, and Count Zeppelin were on hand showed that Germany meant business. New England was invaded and occupied, in great detail. Everywhere the Crown Prince went, the leading citizens mobilized and prepared a list of their names for Mr. Moffett's use. So, "the leading citizens of Hartford were held as hostages, their lives in peril, in James G. Goodwin's palatial home, among these being ex-Gov. Morgan G. Buckley, Mayor Joseph H. Lawler, Bishop Chauncey B. Brewster, Dr. Flavel S. Luther, Bishop John B. Nilan, Mrs. Richard S. Bissell, Mrs. Thomas N. Hepburn, the Rev. Rockwell Harmon Potter, Charles Hopkins Clark, Rolland F. Andrews, the Rev. Francis Goodwin, Thomas J. Spellacy, and Sol Sontheimer."

The present record of those thrilling days contains, on a conservative estimate, three or four hundred names of honest citizens who have survived from the period of the European war to that of the American invasion. It is safe to suppose that they will each buy at least one copy. With such thoroughness does Mr. Moffett record that shameful time of crisis—when America proved her unpreparedness by destroying most of the Crown Prince's army, and only refraining from destroying her whole navy when the Prince surrendered and turned his ships towards the Fatherland. Such ability for self-defence as this seems to involve was, of course, discounted by the fact that Edison and another inventor had to come to the rescue. So far as real, honest fighting goes, we were nowhere, and we can but wonder with Mr. Moffett that the America of that day should have been so fatally (that is, technically fatally) "unprepared to defend herself against a first-class foreign Power."

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The Peace of the Augustans. By George Saintsbury. London: G. Bell & Sons. 8s. 6d. net.

Any author who offers a book with such a title in these times has an immediate claim on the good will of the reader. Think of the delight of entering upon "a survey of eighteenth-century literature as a place of rest and refreshment"! But, alas, he who follows Professor Saintsbury into what ought to be a garden of quiet and rich enjoyment will feel the prick of thorns and lose himself in a tangle of disarray. No doubt, one finds here the merits always displayed by this voluminous critic. There are the usual signs of omnivorous reading. Professor Saintsbury is your true *helluo librorum*, and by some peculiar chemistry of the brain he seems to retain all that he has read. That is no ordinary virtue. And, as always, he shows his unerring gusto in citing attractive passages *of a certain sort* from places where they might least be expected. So from "Dodsley's Collection" he unearths Mrs. Greville and quotes three stanzas of her "Prayer for Indifference" which will be fresh to almost all his readers, and are quite worth recording. He is occasionally good in his characterizations,

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notably so in dealing with so difficult a subject as Mrs. Thrale, who, for her connection with Dr. Johnson, has been now praised extravagantly and now extravagantly depreciated. He brings to this vexed question a note of happy common-sense and no little discernment of human nature.

But when this is said, there remains distressingly little to commend. The style is of his customary brand: a mixture of pertness and pedantry. There is nothing clear in the design, and no judicious principle of selection; the book has the effect of being huddled together. Worst of all, the whole tone and temper of the author render this excursion into broad fields of the eighteenth century an experience of vexation and resentment instead of "rest and refreshment." We do not mean that he never recollects his theme and purpose. There are passages, not bad in themselves, in which he shows a verbal understanding of those special characteristics of the eighteenth century which would justify his beautiful title, the Peace of the Augustans. But these are mere patches; the body of the book is, from this point of view at least, almost everything that it should not be. In dealing with the major names of the period he seems to be under some kind of fatality which makes him overlook what is essential and worry over incidentals. Thus, in the section on Pope virtually nothing is said of Pope's peculiar power as a personal satirist, and his great "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," wherein, if anywhere, a prodigious genius endows satire with the attributes of rest and refreshment, is not so much as mentioned. Praise is, indeed, bestowed on Pope's "unrivalled supremacy of versification" and "wonderful faculty of mere expression." Whereupon, to illustrate these merits, he selects a perfectly commonplace, or worse than commonplace, passage (the only quotation), and then, having properly found a succession of flaws in it, pronounces that it has "a perennial attraction."

Lesser authors, who are particularly characteristic of the age, fare pretty generally in this way. Shenstone passes with nothing said about his experiment at Leasowes, certainly the one thing for which he was, and is, significant. Of a better man he says: "Neither 'The Traveller' nor 'The Deserted Village' is first-rate or even high second-rate poetry, though there is in both fine rhetoric, which is possibly not wholly Goldsmith's own." Such criticism, for any one who has grown up to the Virgilian charm of those poems, particularly the second, borders on the absurd, and the innuendo implied is more than ungenerous. The same dulness towards the true eighteenth-century flavor is observable in his treatment of Gray. It should appear that he is more concerned with carping at Matthew Arnold than with appreciating the lasting power of Gray's poetry, though towards Gray, the letter-writer, he is more appreciative.

When we pass from Gray to Collins we see at once where all the difficulty lies. Suddenly the style warms up, the timid critic becomes an enthusiast. The fact simply is that Mr. Saintsbury, despite his protests to the contrary, is constitutionally unable to enter into the spirit of the authors who really created the Peace of the Augustans. His true interest is with those who, like Collins and Percy and Chatterton, were tending away from that peace to a new era and another frame of mind. We have no quarrel with Professor Saintsbury for his taste in this matter, though his attempt to see all the possible good in "Ossian" after dealing so clammily with Goldsmith, strikes one as bordering on the grotesque. What we do object to is the betrayal of his subject, the allurement of his title to read a long and wretchedly muddled book. To put such a title on such a volume is a kind of intellectual swindling.

We have spoken harshly of one whose long service to critical literature has raised him to a place of reverence with a certain class of readers. We should very much have preferred to speak in another tone; but every word of this condemnation is deserved.

THE SECOND EDITION OF THE INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

The New International Encyclopædia. Second Edition. Vols. IX-XVIII. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The progress of the new edition of the International Encyclopædia to Volume XVIII (Panjabi-Poliziano) is marked by certain well-defined characteristics. There has been sufficient rewriting and amplification to justify the claims of the publishers, many new maps and plates have been added, and there is throughout evidence of intelligent revision. The proof-reading has been carefully done, especially as to foreign names and titles of books. The International may in this respect challenge comparison with the Britannica, and even with Brockhaus and Meyer, being only surpassed in verbal accuracy by Appleton's now defunct "New American Cyclopædia." The gain in modernity in the second edition is most marked in articles on economic and technological subjects, but those on scientific topics in general have been suitably enlarged or rewritten. "Iron and Steel," for instance, which formerly covered nine pages, with two plates, now has twenty-two pages and six plates, and there is much valuable new matter in such articles as "Internal Combustion Engine," "Accidents and Safety in Mines," "Military Aeronautics," "Interior Decoration," "Merchant Marine," and "Foundation," with its illustrations of an air-lock for a pneumatic caisson, the foundation of a modern office building, etc. The march of progress in medicine is duly recorded under headings like "Infantile Spinal Paralysis" and "Migraine," and legal subjects receive their share of attention in such articles as "Indeterminate Sentence" and "Income Tax." "Hybridity" and "Mental Defectives" are specimens of the adequate treatment of scientific subjects now in the forefront of public discussion, and the article on "Impressionist Painting" is proof of competence in dealing with the modern aspects of art. Ocasionally, and for sufficient reason, some topic receives less consideration than formerly. Significantly enough, less space is given to "Garbage and Refuse" in the new edition than in the old, the showing of this country in the disposal of household waste and the installation of proper reduction plants being perhaps more unsatisfactory than ever.

But while bestowing merited praise on a publication that reflects credit on American enterprise, we find it necessary to point out certain defects which, indeed, seem almost inseparable from the task of encyclopædic revision, but which nevertheless may be avoided by the scrutiny of a competent correcting and harmonizing final reviser. The European war furnishes a convenient illustrative text. The progress of the encyclopædia while the momentous struggle is still going on makes, of course, inevitable constant references—under countries, cities, rivers, warriors, and statesmen—to a future comprehensive article on "The War in Europe." But there is no consistency in the execution of the plan adopted. In some cases we have nothing but this reference; in others there are one or two statements of fact (occasionally of inference or prophecy); in but few is there adequate treatment of events down to a reasonably late date. The article on "Herzegovina" closes with the year 1910, without any allusion to the war; under "Germany" there is a reference to it, and nothing more; under "Italy" the concluding remark is that "she decided to remain neutral"; under German East Africa" we have the vague statement that there were "several indecisive battles." The early achievements of Hindenburg are chronicled, but Mackensen is left without any notice whatever. Of Gen. Joffre we are merely told that "for his services in the earlier part of the European war President Poincaré conferred on him a military medal in November, 1914." For an appreciation of his work as head of the French army we have to wait until the article "War in Europe" appears. "Political Parties in France" brings the subject down to October, 1915, but "Political Parties in Germany" stops with the year 1908. Under "Königsberg" there is the erroneous statement that "it was invested and bombarded by the Russians during the first Russian campaign of the European war of 1914." The history of Poland includes mention of political measures like the law on municipal self-government, but of the military events we have only shadowy outlines. The subdivision "Prussian Poland" fares in this respect better than "Russian Poland," where we must be content with a mere reference to "War in Europe." Under "International Law" even this reference is wanting, the only allusion to the war being in the remark that "public opinion" has changed concerning the use of projectiles and explosives from balloons. Only under "Liège" and "Lemberg" do we find anything like

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an intelligent brief account of a battle, "Namur," "Mülhausen," "Lorraine," "Helgoland," being lamentably deficient. In general, there is but the barest mention of an invasion, occupation, or withdrawal of troops, as the case may be. In biography, too, we might have expected fuller treatment, the notice of Grand Duke Nicholas, for instance, being perfunctory and uncritical. Here and there, as in the article on "Mobilization," where the details of the new French plan are given, we have evidence that it was possible to convey recent information concerning the war in advance of the promised general article on the subject. The referring of "Petrograd" to "Saint Petersburg" will make the article under that heading, when it finally appears, seem behind the times.

An innovation of doubtful value is the inclusion in the new edition of the International of a number of biographies of modern Russians and Russian-Americans whose title to fame is still to be proved. The space given to these is often disproportionate, as, for instance, in the case of Asher Ginzberg, "a Russian scholar and founder of Zionism," who occupies twice as much space as Theodor Herzl, the real founder of that movement. More glaring still is the lack of proportion shown in other parts of the work, as where Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughters, Christabel and E. Sylvia —"women of exceptional capacity and energy"—are, collectively, assigned considerably more space than is given to Pasteur. A peculiar occasional recasting of former literary estimates makes of Karel Havlicek, called in the first edition simply "a Bohemian journalist," now "an important and popular Bohemian journalist"; Hermann Hettner is equally promoted to the position of an "important German literary and art critic"—a procedure not in consonance with the best encyclopædic usage, including the International's own. The note of appreciation is distinctly strained in the case of Henry John Heinz, who makes his first appearance in the encyclopædia as "an American packer of food products," whose firm "early became famous through its advertising." Queer also is the personal description of Gen. N. B. Forrest, of whom we hear that he "was 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighed 185 pounds," and gratuitous is the statement in this notice that "during part of the Reconstruction period he is said to have been at the head of the Ku-Klux Klan." We are referred to the article on that subject, only to find, as expected, no mention of Gen. Forrest under that rubric. Omissions of any importance are so rare in the International that one is surprised at the absence of an article on the Gary Plan, though the City of Gary is properly described. Speaking generally, the articles on American cities take due cognizance of their growth since the publication of the first edition, but Fort Wayne and Los Angeles receive, in proportion, less than their due.

The maps are still the weak point of the work. Though new ones have been inserted wherever necessary, their typographical execution leaves much to be desired. Those of Japan and Manchuria and Korea are among the best; sometimes one prefers for distinctness the old maps, as in the case of Mexico, India, and Hungary. In the map of Italy and in others the mountain ranges are so faint as to be almost indiscernible. In map-making the German encyclopædias still furnish unapproached models of excellence.

We cannot refrain from quoting—without comment—the statement, under the article "Newspaper," that "New York has never developed the European weekly which appeals to a special class, high or low, as the London *Saturday Review* appeals to the upper and *Reynolds's Weekly* to the laboring classes."

Notes

The Thomas Y. Crowell Comany announces for immediate publication "In the Garden of Delight," by L. H. Hammond.

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish shortly Richard Harding Davis's "With the French in France and Salonika."

Harper & Bros. announce the publication of "People Like That," by Kate Langley Bosher; "They of the High Trails," by Hamlin Garland, and "Seven Miles to Arden," by Ruth Sawyer.

Putnams announce the following volumes of the Cambridge University Press: "Hydrodynamics," by Horace Lamb; "A Treatise on Electricity," by F. B. Pidduck; "The Relation of Sculpture to Architecture," by T. P. Bennett; "The Gravels of East Anglia," and "Notes on the Fenland," by T. McKenny Hughes.

The most important of recent books upon that prolific subject, the city, is Prof. William Bennett Munro's "Principles and Methods of Municipal Administration" (Macmillan; $2.25 net), a volume whose "readability" is scantily suggested by its title. Intended to supplement the same author's "Government of American Cities," the new work deals with functions rather than with framework. It aims to steer a middle course between what Professor Munro genially terms "general surveys of the most elementary character" and technical treatises. In this aim he is assisted by the same agreeable freshness of presentation that distinguished the earlier volume. Unlike too many writers upon this general theme, he neither lectures his readers nor deluges them with mechanically organized facts, being content to discuss with them the questions with which he is concerned. The title of his opening chapter, The Quest for Efficiency, hints at this manner of treatment and also at the well-balanced judgment that goes with it. Subheadings reveal this latter trait more clearly, as The Expert in His Proper Place, The Danger of Having Too Many City Departments, The Equal Danger of Having Too Few. An especially interesting and useful element of the book, not comprehended in the title, is its continual reference to history. The chapter on City Planning, a model of inclusiveness and conciseness, prefaces its consideration of present-day problems with a sketch of the subject which takes us back to Athens and Rome and mediæval Europe. This instinct for concreteness, which appears everywhere in the book, is a very different thing from the love of detail which so often conceals the outlines of topics in this field as they are presented by enthusiastic writers. Streets, water, disposal of waste and sewage, lighting, police, fire prevention and protection, school administration, and finance are the other matters treated. The result is a volume which, if less encyclopædic than some others, is alone in supplying an informed, reasoned, and attractive record of what our cities are doing, the machinery by which they are performing it, their success and failure—in a word, in showing us where we are.

Father Cuthbert's study of "The Romanticism of St. Francis" (Longmans; $2 net) is divided into four parts, dealing consecutively with St. Francis himself, St. Clare, the Story of the Friars, and a Modern Friar. But the purpose throughout never varies, to show the beauty of the ideal of Christian Romanticism as it was beheld and lived by the great founder of the Franciscans, and has been preserved, so our Franciscan author believes, through all the changes of civilization to the present day. The nature of this ideal is pretty well summed up in these words:

> It was just this spirit of chivalry in its purest form which St. Francis stamped with the seal of his Catholic Faith, and embedded into the conscious life of the Church. It governed his religious life even as it had attracted his youthful ambition. To his vision the Gospel presented itself primarily as a divine romance in which was set forth that law and liberty of the personal spirit which secular chivalry aspired to, but even at its best only imperfectly achieved. In this evangelical romance Jesus Christ was the restorer of the world's joy. Chivalry had taught Francis that the world was made for joy, and that joy was to be found in adventure and love. But whereas in secular romance joy was always elusive, in the Gospel it became a permanent possession to those who followed Jesus Christ in His sublime adventure for the world's redemption, and in His vast love for God and man.

There is much that is interesting, much that will seem true even to the non-Catholic reader, in Father Cuthbert's development of this theory of romance. The scholar will miss any keen analysis of what "Romanticism" came to mean, and the impatient will think that the pages say the same things over too many times; but the book is scarcely designed for either the scholar or the impatient. Probably most readers will find their chief interest in the last section, which deals with the life of a modern teaching and preaching friar in England, Father Alphonsus. But here, as in the earlier chapters, we wish that the author had given more of his attention to prosaic facts. At the end of this section the reader is likely to say: Manifestly Father Alphonsus was a beautiful character; but who was he?

An interesting tribute is paid to the late Sir Clements R. Markham in the *Geographical Journal* for March. A member of the Royal Geographical Society for sixty-three years, and its president for twelve, and the author and editor of half a hundred works, he may rightly be considered the leading representative of British geography. He began his work of exploration when twenty years

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old, as a member of the Franklin Search Expedition of 1850-1851. Perhaps the work for which his memory will be most cherished as a benefactor of mankind is the introduction of the quinine-bearing cinchona tree from Peru into India. Now there are millions of these trees in Indian plantations, and quinine has been brought within the reach of the poorest people. Mr. B. C. Wallis contributes some facts, with six maps, relating to the distribution of nationalities in Hungary, in which he shows the significance of the Magyar problem which will confront Europe at the close of the present war. The results of observations during seven winters spent in the northern Saharan Desert of the sand dunes are given by Mr. W. J. Harding King.

"The Crimes of England" (Lane; $1), according to G. K. Chesterton, are her occasional lapses into Prussianism. Such were the oppression of Ireland, the attack on Denmark and subsequent desertion of the Danes, the support of Turkey. The controversial bent of the book may be gathered from the following extract:

> The victory of the German arms meant before Leipzig, and means now, the overthrow of a certain idea. That idea is the idea of the Citizen. . . . The French not only make up the State, but make the State; not only make it, but remake it. In Germany the ruler is the artist, always painting the happy German like a portrait; in France the Frenchman is the artist, always painting and repainting France like a lover. . . . No state of social good that does not mean the Citizen *choosing good*, as well as getting it, has the idea of the Citizen at all.

Here we have Mr. Chesterton at his best. The book is ironically dedicated to a German Professor Whirlwind. It is readable enough, and at times instructive, but the general tone is a bit shrill and hectic.

R. L. Orchelle, an American residing in Berlin, "knows that all true Americans, who have had the privilege of knowing the real Germany and the real German people, behold their native land turned into a weapon of death against a friendly people struggling heroically for those very possessions, those priceless liberties for which the men of 1776 fought and died." In order to "dissipate errors" of other Americans, and to refute "fictitious and hysterical tales sown and shouted through the world by the millions of miry mouths and organs at command of the Allies," Mr. Orchelle has translated the third edition of Dr. Ernst Müller's "Der Weltkrieg und der Zusammenbruch des Völkerrechts," under the title of "Who Are the Huns?" (New York: Stechert). Mr. Orchelle's preface, from which we have quoted, reproduces the tone and the letter of many pages in Dr. Müller's book. Dividing his work into two parts—Rules and Regulations of Warfare on Land, and Questions of Legality in Naval Warfare—and subdividing these into thirty-two chapters, Dr. Müller "proves" in detail that Germany has not violated any international law, and that "the French, Belgian, English, and Russian army authorities have disregarded all the customs that have hitherto prevailed among civilized peoples, all the laws of humanity and all the demands of public conscience" (p. 399). "We accuse all those who, with eyes turned to heaven in their unutterable hypocrisy, and with their right hands clutching the printed Word of God, practice a lip-service of Christianity, yet do not scruple to send against our cultivated homesteads their heathen negro hordes, their yellow Jap robbers, their Indian and Africanish beasts, as well as the scum of their prisons and their slums, or, with a besotted mania that verges on the suicidal, to hound on Kaffirs and Hereros against white civilized people in the African colonies" (p. 400). Dr. Müller has writen several books on international law, and in Germany he is a man of considerable repute.

"The Shadow on the Dial: Intimations of the Great Survival" (Abingdon Press; $1 net), by Orton H. Carmichael, mixes in nearly equal proportions delicate delineation of the moods and aspects of nature with sincere and at times not unimpressive musings on immortality. Much of this book consists of entries from the journal of a young physician, a Dr. Colvin, whose earnest meditations on the ultimate questions are not a little solemnizing and thought-provoking. The net result, as one might expect, is not very substantial, even though it is triumphantly suggested, if not demonstrated, that all's right with the world. The book would be robbed of much of its interest if it lacked the illustrations that abound in it, and the gracious nature-writing represented well enough by the following passage:

> It was a glorious May-day, with the orchards in bloom and the foliage of the woods and the wayside trees reaching the fresh perfection of its form and color. The birds were happy in the full flush of their annual romances, for to them the joy of first love returns each year as the dandelions return to the meadows. The morning air was warm and breathless, the smoke of a burning stump by the way ascending in a quavering perpendicular column as does the smoke in Marson's picture, "Rest in Egypt," where the artist has suggested the desert's perfect calm. The clear azure of the sky was unflecked save by two hawks which swept round and round in slow and graceful circles as if they were designing rival plans for some mighty chandelier to be suspended in the blue dome of day.

The enthusiasm and remarkable intuition that Sister Nivedita, as the late Margaret E. Noble was known in India, has shown in her various studies of Hindu life and religion, justify the posthumous publication of many of her writings. "Religion and Dharma" (Longmans, Green; 90 cents net) is the latest collection of these studies that did so much to interpret the subject race to the Western reader. In these columns it has already been suggested to what extent her enthusiasm frequently blinded her to the most offensive traits in this ancient religion, and the present volume of ethical papers addressed to Hindu students and leaders insists on an elevation to its pristine glory of the best element contained in Hinduism. That Sister Nivedita was not more specific and direct in her valuable position as guide, philosopher, and friend to the younger generation of Hindu literati is to be regretted: the influence she wielded was enormous, but her enthusiasm, and the decidedly mystical cast of her mind, inclined her to overlook the degeneration and ignorance that is characteristic of Hinduism in the south, and wherever the objectionable practices of certain cults obtain. Her support, however, of the various *samajes* or reform societies at a time when nationalism most needed understanding and tactful interpretation will never be forgotten by young India. Her courageous espousal of its cause soon proved to her biassed critics that Sister Nivedita deserved impartial consideration, and the rewards of her influence, if limited to a small but effective group of native reformers, should provide valuable evidence in the immediate future.

In the year 1828, a young Italian priest of gentle birth, Samuel Charles Mazzuchelli, became fired with a zeal to labor as a missionary among the Indians in the remote regions of North America. A little later, through the instrumentality of Bishop Fenwick, of Cincinnati, he embarked upon his life work, and for many years exercised his priestly office at Mackinac, Green Bay, Prairie du Chien, Dubuque, and elsewhere in the Middle West. One more unselfishly devoted to his chosen work has not found a place in the annals of the Catholic Church. Nor was he merely a useful priest beloved by his flock and many outside of it; he was many-sided and loved his adopted country, whose institutions he studied with care and understanding. As was then the common practice, Father Mazzuchelli preserved a record of his labors and journeyings. This he made into a book and published when on a visit to his native city of Milan, in 1844. The wordy title—for which the author was perhaps not responsible—runs, "Memoirs Historical and Edifying of a Missionary Apostolic of the Order of Saint Dominic Among Various Indian Tribes and Among the Catholics and Protestants in the United States of America." These "Memoirs" are of considerable value to students of church and pioneer history, and would have been more freely used in the years intervening but for the fact that the book was written and published only in the Italian language. An English translation, therefore, has long been a desideratum; and it is gratifying to record that the Dominican Sisters of Saint Clara College, Sinsinawa, Wis., an institution founded by Father Mazzuchelli, have caused an edition in English to be published. The translation is by Sister Mary Benedicta Kennedy, who is evidently skilled as a translator. Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, has written an eloquent though rather florid introduction, which gives an excellent survey of the priest's missionary labors, and helps to a better understanding of the Catholic spirit. Many references in these "Memoirs" will be obscure if not quite baffling to all but the specialists in Western local history; and it would have greatly increased the book's usefulness if elucidatory notes had been added. A proper index, also, should have been provided, the one appended to the volume being nothing more than a list of the descriptive chapter headings. But it is good to have Father Mazzuchelli's "Memoirs" in the present edition. The defects will, after all, prove annoying to the student and historian rather than to the lay reader.

"The record of the year 1915," states the preface to the newest issue of the American Year Book (Appleton), "is dominated by the influence of the European War." This compendious hand-book reveals the amazing diversity of the war's reactions, whether superficial or profound, upon American life. In the first and bulkiest chapter, that on American history in 1915, nearly two-thirds the space is given to the controversies with the belligerents, from the first German and British interferences with our commerce to the dismissal of Dumba; the remainder being devoted to the two sessions of Congress and the preparations for the Presidential campaign. The chapters

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on Military and Naval Affairs, Economic Conditions, Public Finance, on Trade, Transportation, and Communications, and on Literature all show a preoccupation with the conflict abroad, and its effect on our domestic life. The book, however, gives its wonted attention to events of purely domestic interest—to education, to the progress of social legislation, to the various sciences, to labor, to law and jurisprudence, and to government and the various public services. Certain of the chapters are admirably written. The editor, Francis G. Wickware, himself takes that on American history, and makes it not only a comprehensive and coherent record of events, but a sturdy statement of American principle in resistance to foreign aggression. The twin chapters on Social and Economic Problems and Labor and Labor Legislation are as well handled by Winthrop D. Lane and John B. Andrews, respectively. Those familiar with the previous five issues of the book have come to look for James A. Woodburn's summing-up of a difficult field, that of Popular Government and Current Politics. Two or three of the chapters, however, while satisfactory as a general outline, lack the thoroughness of these others; among them may be named Edward Everett Hale's short treatment of American Literature, and Anna Tolman Smith's of Education. The volume reaches a total of 850 pages, and is carefully indexed.

The biography of a reindeer, "King of the Flying Sledge" (Holt; $1.25 net), is a new "thriller" from the restless pen of Clarence Hawkes. Mr. Hawkes might profit by taking to heart the saying of the old Roman teacher, Quintilian, "By writing rapidly it does not result that one writes well; by writing well it does come about that one writes rapidly." Like many another writer of this type of nature literature, he occasionally hurries along after the *ignis fatuus* of an erratic imagination until he is led headlong over the cliff of absurdity. This volume furnishes a striking illustration. A race is staged, on the frozen Yukon, between a team of dogs and a sledge drawn by the reindeer which serves as the protagonist of the story. As the hundred-mile course is just about completed, the reindeer barely in the lead, the whole ice surface of the Yukon suddenly drops six feet downwards, and goes to pieces in the raging current. The explanation of the catastrophe is easy, for one who can leave the physical qualities of ice and the attraction of gravitation out of the question. The Yukon had frozen over in the autumn, when high, and then the water had fallen away and left the ice sheet hanging in the air, by its edges, until the following April! The world is too full of belligerency already for a revival of the "Nature-Faker" war, but really our nature writers ought at least to keep within the bounds of natural possibility or to go over frankly into the realms of the fantastic. It is not right to mislead the unwary seeker after truth who is trying to get "back to nature" through the printed page.

It is only in the last decade that the remarkable movement for the improvement of the health of pupils has brought the school into intimate relationship with the hygiene of the home and the community, and made it an instrument for the physical betterment of the whole population. The various fields covered in this new function are treated voluminously in "Educational Hygiene from the Pre-School Period to the University" (Scribner; $2.50 net), written by more than thirty educators and others under the editorship of Prof. L. W. Rapeer. Though something is gained by this division of labor among specialists, much also is lost in the organization of the volume and the preservation of perspective. The book is rather a work of reference for those interested in the pedagogical or administrative sides of education, or in public health, than one for the general reader. It falls into four parts: the first treats of Health Sociology, the second of The Administration of Educational Hygiene, the third of The Divisions and Practice of Educational Hygiene, and the fourth of The Hygiene of the Colleges. Much the largest space is naturally given to the third. In the section on Health Sociology general considerations only are discussed—the rates of elimination, retardation, and non-promotion caused by physical defects of children, the relation of the school health to the general public health, the influence of heredity upon health, and the home hygiene of children. Plans for the administration of educational hygiene are offered in the second section by the editor, by a State inspector of rural schools, by a State commissioner of education, and others. In the bulky third division are chapters by Prof. G. E. Johnson, of the New York School of Philanthropy; Ira S. Wile, of the *Medical Review of Reviews;* Director of Health C. P. McCord, of the Albany Public Schools; A. C. Monahan, of the Federal Bureau of Education; Director J. D. Burks, of the Los Angeles Bureau of Efficiency, and others.. We have here a treatment of the school nurse's work, the public-school clinic, the open-air school, and of school feeding; of rural and urban school sanitation; of play, playgrounds, and athletics; of the teaching of industrial, general, and sex hygiene; and of the hygiene of instruction. The book shows remarkable sanity. The editor has had no patience with mere fads; and exception can be taken only to one or two contributors who—in emphasizing the magnitude of the school's function with regard to grave problems of national vitality—have struck an unduly alarmist note.

Dr. C. Mildred Thompson's "Reconstruction in Georgia," in the Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law (Columbia University Press; $3), naturally suggests comparison with Dr. Edwin C. Woolley's "The Reconstruction of Georgia," published in 1901 in the same series. Dr. Woolley, however, confined himself to the political aspects of his topic, and even of that gave only a brief, though useful, sketch. Miss Thompson's work, on the other hand, covers comprehensively and in detail not only the political history of the State during the seven years which intervened between the close of the Civil War and the final restoration of Georgia to the Union, but also the economic, educational, religious, and social growth of the State in the same period. The economic recovery, indeed, especially the revolution in agriculture caused by the substitution of free for slave labor, is treated with such fulness and admirable clearness as to make the volume, in this respect, a contribution of marked importance to American economic history. Emancipation, as Miss Thompson points out, was "the basic fact of Reconstruction," destroying not only the old industrial system, but the old social order as well. The immediate result, so far as Georgia was concerned, was chaos, but the economic reconstruction which began with the cessation of war, while permitting only the strongest to survive, laid the foundations of a new democracy in which the negro became, for the first time, a part of "the people." "While the white man was master of the slave, slavery was the master of the white man. Abolition freed the white as well as the black." Political reconstruction, less important in Georgia than the economic revolution, did not permanently check the economic process, but, by forcing all whites to be Democrats, did operate to curtail political freedom in the class which actually governed. It is too much to expect that even the most scientific historian will be wholly unmoved by such stirring events as the Bullock régime, the backing and filling of Congress on the question of admitting Senators and Representatives, the political exploitation of the railways, the operations of the Freedmen's Bureau, the efforts to maintain white supremacy, and the lawless activities of the Ku Klux Klan; but Miss Thompson shows little disposition to apportion blame beyond what the facts themselves import. The lack of an index is in part made good by a full table of contents.

"A Sketch of English Legal History," edited with notes and appendices by James F. Colby (Putnam; $1.50 net), is a reprint of a series of articles upon the chief epochs in English legal history contributed to *Social England* by Prof. Frederick W. Maitland, of Cambridge University, and Prof. Francis C. Montague, of University College, London. The editor tells us that the reason for bringing out a reprint of these articles is that "their original appearance, scattered through the large volumes of *Social England,* has lessened, if not barred, their use by many persons, and it is hoped that their reprint in this compact form will insure their wider use." The editor has sought to aid the reader by adding various explanatory notes, and by placing at the end of each chapter a list of readings appropriate to its subject-matter. The title reminds one of Edward Jenks's "Short History of English Law," but upon examination the two works will be found to resemble each other only in their general subject-matter. In form, method of presentation, and purpose they are entirely different. Mr. Jenks's book contains a detailed though brief history of all the rights, remedies, and institutions of English law, traced with painstaking exactness from period to period, through the full course of their development, and is rich in references to treatises, cases, and statutes. It is essentially a textbook filled with concrete and detailed information. On the other hand, the eight articles by Professor Maitland and Professor Montague attempt to set before the reader a general picture of the legal situation in England in each of the eight periods discussed. The general characteristics and tendencies which stand out in each period are emphasized, while statutes and decisions are referred to but sparingly, and only by way of illustration. One noteworthy feature of these articles is their almost complete freedom from technical legal terms and definitions. As a result, we have in small compass a scholarly sketch of the legal history of England, which may be read with profit by students of the law, and which those unlearned in things legal may also read with perfect understanding.

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Music and Drama

BOOKS ON MUSICAL TOPICS.

The Book of Musical Knowledge. By Arthur Elson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50 net.

Piano Mastery. By Harriette Brower. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50 net.

The Wagnerian Drama. By Houston Stewart Chamberlain. New York: John Lane Co. $1.35 net.

Thousands are passionately fond of music, and many more thousands wish they were. Several books have been written for the benefit of those who would like to know how to listen to music understandingly and with pleasure. The latest and most comprehensive is Arthur Elson's "Book of Musical Knowledge." It brings together in its six hundred pages information for which one usually has to consult a dozen or more monographs, biographic, historic, and technical. Beginning with a section on primitive, ancient, and mediæval music, he proceeds to tell the most interesting and important facts about the works and careers of the great composers, from Bach and Handel to the present day. There are sections on Liszt and his Circle, Grieg and the Northern Countries, Franck and Modern France, the Russian School, America, and so on. The musical forms are then taken up—song forms, sonatas, symphonies, dances, and piano styles. Mr. Elson's remarks are here, as elsewhere, commendably free from obscurity and pedantry, and he chooses his illustrations preferably from among songs and pieces that are generally known and admired. Under Rondo, for instance, he describes Anitra's Dance from Grieg's "Peer Gynt" and Poldoni's "Dancing Doll," as well as the allegretto of Brahms's second symphony. Of the many old-fashioned dances the most important ones are briefly characterized. About eighty pages are devoted to brief descriptions of the piano, the organ, the violin, the voice, and the orchestral instruments. The functions of a conductor, so ill understood, are explained, and there are brief sketches of famous singers, pianists, and violinists. Chapter lx tells how to read music, while the Appendix includes a glossary of important musical tunes, as well as directions for a course of study, with lists of books for the further examination of special topics. Thus Mr. Elson has condensed the chief points of a general musical education in one volume, which will prove useful to teachers and students as well as to amateurs.

Harriette Brower's book, "Piano Mastery," is made up largely of talks with great masters of our time. Out of thirty in her list five are dead. Ten are women: Tina Lerner, Ethel Leginska, Bertha Fiering Tapper, Katharine Goodson, Adele aus der Ohe, Eleanor Spencer, Teresa Carreño, Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, Agnes Morgan, Germaine Schnitzer. There is a good deal about Paderewski, as communicated by two of his pupils, Antoinette Szumowska and Sigismond Stojewski, while another of Paderewski's pupils (the only other one, in fact), Ernest Schelling discourses on "The Hand of a Pianist." Some of the other topics discussed are: "Training the Child," "How the Pianist Can Color Tone with Action and Emotion," "American and European Teachers," "Simplicity in Piano Teaching," "Hints on Interpretation." More light on Leschetizky's ideas is shed by Eleanor Spencer, while Tina Lerner, whose talk is headed "An Audience the Best Teacher," has the courage to declare that she is *not* a pupil of Leschetizky. That, certainly, makes her "different." Hans von Bülow's remarks on Liszt, cited on page 240, are worth reading and pondering.

A few days ago it was announced by cable that Houston Stewart Chamberlain had taken out his German naturalization papers. Mr. Chamberlain is an Englishman who has spent the greater part of his life in Germany. He married a daughter of Richard Wagner and wrote several books, among them "The Foundations of the Ninteenth Century" and "Immanuel Kant," which are amazingly Teutonic from all points of view except the good ones. Probably those of the English who know his books will say that the Germans are welcome to him. Perhaps the worst of his books is the one on the Wagnerian Drama, of which an English version is now offered. In Germany it has for some years enjoyed good repute and considerable vogue. It is the work of an ultra-Wagnerite—one to whom the faults of Wagner are his chief virtues. It is well known that Wagner wasted six of the best years of his life (just after completing "Lohengrin") in writing theoetical treatises. In these books there are luminous pages on musical topics, as inspired as the best of his compositions; but for the most part they are made up of bombastic, obscure attempts at philosophizing on life and art, in imitation of the style of a third-rate German metaphysician, Feuerbach. Now, Mr. Chamberlain professes that no one is more averse than he is to "reading a philosophic construction into works of art," yet that is just what he does in this book, which is like Wagner at his dullest. His object is, he states in the introduction, to awaken in the reader's mind a real and intelligent recognition of the fact that Wagner was from his childhood days a dramatic poet. So he was, but no one who does not know this would be convinced by Mr. Chamberlain's abstruse, tiresome, unpoetic way of writing about it. There have been many almost ideal performances of Wagner's music-dramas, yet from these pages one would think that Wagner was as little understood to-day as Hegel, who said on his deathbed that only one man understood him—"and even he doesn't," he added mournfully.

HENRY T. FINCK.

"THE CO-RESPONDENT."

Two scenes possessing some power save "The Co-respondent," which had its opening performance last week at the Booth Theatre, from what otherwise would have been a failure. If the authors, Alice Pollock and Rita Weiman, had had sufficient skill to work up to the climaxes effectively, there is no telling but that this play might have developed into a solid achievement of a minor sort. The story itself has no new idea and the setting is not new enough to compensate for poor workmanship, yet the central situation is such as to make its appeal felt.

Anne Gray, a young girl prettily played by Irene Fenwick, becomes infatuated with a man whom she has but recently met and, being beset by ill-treatment at home, consents to elope with him. She does not know that he is one of the ultra-fashionable Van Kreels, of New York, nor that he is married. He takes her to a hotel, promising that the knot shall be properly tied there. In reality he gets a friend to pose as a judge and has persuaded him to perform a mock ceremony, but before this can be done detectives in the employ of Mrs. Van Kreel break in and the girl, not yet knowing her lover's identity, rushes off and catches a train for New York. So far one absurdity is heaped upon another.

In the next act Anne is seen as a reporter of an enterprising New York paper, whose chief concern for the moment is the rumored divorce of the Van Kreels. The one remaining bit of information which is needed to make the paper's "story" the most sensational "beat" of the season is the name of the co-respondent. To this task Anne herself is assigned. The dramatic intensity may be imagined when Anne discovers that she and no other is the person sought. Meanwhile she has fallen in love with the managing editor of the newspaper, and a final scene reveals her humiliation before him when her plight has become known. Here, as played by Miss Fenwick, she made a pathetic little figure. In the cast, besides Miss Fenwick, are Harrison Hunter, who gave a finished performance as a fashionable villain, and Norman Trevor, who made both an enterprising editor and an impassioned lover.

F.

Finance

THE ECONOMIC DRIFT.

During the second half of 1915, practically every economic weather-sign which marks rising prosperity in a country was visible in the case of the United States. All of the foreign exchanges were moving, in a spectacular way, in favor of New York. The iron and steel trade—a traditional "barometer of prosperity"—gave its testimony by a monthly output of iron which surpassed all American precedent, by a total of unfilled orders, on the books of steel mills, which in each successive month broke all records, and by continuous rise in prices. The same condition was indicated by an aggregate monthly clearing of bank checks, in the whole United States (a measure of trade activity), which had never previously been approached; by wholly unprecedented harvests; by an unparalleled monthly export trade and surplus of exports over imports; by the largest railway earnings ever reported for the months in question; by an

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import of gold of a magnitude never reached in other years, and, as a partial consequence, by the continuous rise of New York's bank reserves of cash, and the surplus over required percentage to deposits to heights not witnessed in our previous history. Along with all these evidences of prosperity came a prolonged upward sweep of prices on the Stock Exchange.

In some directions, the first few months of 1916 have continued this interesting testimony; in others, there has been a change. In March the country's iron production was 4 per cent. larger than any former monthly total; unfilled orders on the Steel Corporation's books March 31 were 9 per cent. greater than the highest previous figure, and steel and iron prices were still advancing. Exchange of bank checks in the United States during March reached a new high monthly total. In February, the latest month for which the full returns are published, exports ran $50,000,000 ahead of any other month, and excess of exports similarly overtopped by $28,400,000 the best figure previously known. Railway earnings continued at high level.

On the other hand, Government estimates on the growing winter-wheat crop foreshadowed reduction of 32 per cent. from the yield of 1915. The foreign exchanges, on the whole, moved less sharply in our favor—though as a rule for special and more or less artificial causes. Gold imports almost ceased; they were only $6,000,000 in February, as against $79,600,000 last October and $12,700,000 even in February, 1915. The stock market—largely because of international complications—has declined. Not least interesting, the surplus reserve of the New York banks fell this month to the lowest figure reached since the new banking system was introduced in November, 1914.

Many of these seemingly unfavorable changes were bound in any event to come, as the utterly abnormal financial conditions of Europe were gradually corrected. None of them is of itself at all disquieting. The one last mentioned is, however, of so peculiar interest as to require closer examination. Under the old system of requiring a 25 per cent. cash reserve against deposits, the surplus stood on November 14, 1914, at $7,413,000. Under the new law's provisions, reducing such requirements, in the case of the city banks, to 15 per cent. of demand deposits (of which reserve one-fifth might be credits in the Federal Reserve Bank), the surplus reported as of November 21 was $137,890,000. It fell to $116,992,000 during December, 1914. Two weeks ago, it was $123,823,000; a week ago, it was only $99,047,000.

During the first nine months of 1915, there was continuous increase in the surplus; the actual figures for which, on September 11, 1915, touched their maximum of $224,122,000. Now all of these figures represent abnormally large excess over reserve requirements. The highest recorded surplus under the old reserve system was the $111,623,000 of February 3, 1894. That measured after-panic liquidation of liabilities; the similar process following the panic of 1907 brought a maximum of only $68,233,000, on June 27, 1908. Even this month's $99,047,000 surplus was, as a matter of fact, much larger than in any week between February of 1894 and November, 1914. But since Wall Street watches tendencies quite as much as accomplished facts, the present downward movement of the surplus arrests attention.

Two opposing forces have been at work upon it from the first—very rapid increase of cash holdings, and an equally unprecedented expansion of loans. The first was chiefly due to last year's $451,000,000 imports of gold; the second, to the trade revival, the Stock Exchange activity, the payment for our own securities repurchased from Europe, and the underwriting of loans to foreign markets. Between November, 1914, and September 11, 1915, when the surplus reserve was at its highest, cash in the New York banks (including that in other depositories, but excluding Federal Reserve Bank credits) had increased $175,000,000; loans had increased $529,000,000.

But between September 11 and this present month's bank return, cash holdings, similarly computed, had decreased $32,000,000, while loans had been further expanded by $720,000,000. The $500,000,000 Anglo-French loan was financed in this second period; it was also during that period that the large gold imports from England ceased, along with the "stabilizing" of exchange on London.

Even in the shorter interval since the present year began loans have increased $142,000,000, while actual cash holdings have been reduced $33,000,000. The double process was reflected in emphatic shape by the bank statement of the week ending April 8; the fall in the surplus is explained by it.

How far, then, will it go? From one point of view, that depends primarily on the magnitude of future expansion of loans. As for cash holdings, gold has certainly been flowing of late to interior markets. By their statements of March 7, national banks outside of New York city gained $18,400,000, as against only $14,600,000 in the whole of 1915. But the time of year is nearly at hand when currency usually flows back to New York from the interior. If, moreover, the process of depletion in reserves were to continue at its recent rate, there would still remain the recourse of rediscounting paper with the New York Federal Reserve Bank and counting the resultant credit (as the law allows) for part of the cash reserve. At present, only the trifling sum of $16,460,000 is rediscounted by the New York Reserve Bank.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Deeping, W. Bridge of Desire. McBride. $1.25 net.
Dell, E. M. The Bars of Iron. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Gorky, M. The Confession. Stokes. $1.35 net.
Jacobs, C. E., and Richards, L. H. Blue Bonnet Keeps House. Boston: Page.
Kline, B. Struck by Lightning. Lane. $1.30 net.
McCutcheon, G. B. The Light that Lies. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.
Mackenzie, C. Mr. and Mrs. Pierce. Dodd, Mead.
Miller, A. D. Come Out of the Kitchen. Century. $1.25 net.
Prichard, K. S. The Pioneers. Doran. $1.25 net.
Whitman, S. Children of Hope. Century. $1.40 net.
Williams, W. W. The Whirligig of Time. Stokes. $1.30 net.
Wolf, E. Fulfilment. Holt. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hurd, H. M., and Others. The Institutional Care of the Insane. Vol. I. Baltimore, Md.: The Johns Hopkins Press.
Kummer, P. A., and Janes, H. P. The Second Coming. Dodd, Mead.
Leacock, S. Essays and Literary Studies. Lane.
Little, C. J. Biographical and Literary Studies. Abingdon Press. $1.25 net.
Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society. New series. Vol. XXV, Part 2. Worcester, Mass.: By the Society.
Pyke, G. To Ruhleben and Back. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. Five-Year Cumulation, 1910-14. The H. W. Wilson Co.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Lincoln, C. Z. The Civil Law and the Church. Abingdon Press. $5 net.
Sellars, R. W. Critical Realism. Rand, McNally Co.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Haynes, F. E. Third Party Movements Since the Civil War. Iowa City, Ia.: The State Historical Society.
MacBrayne, L. E., and Ramsay, J. P. One More Chance. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50 net.
Martin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Feminism. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Raymond, W. L. American and Foreign Investment Bonds. Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.

FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

Business Insurance

FIRMS and individual business men should establish a fund for insurance against lack of working capital. The purpose is to provide a quick asset independent of the usual assets which may be available for collateral in time of stress.

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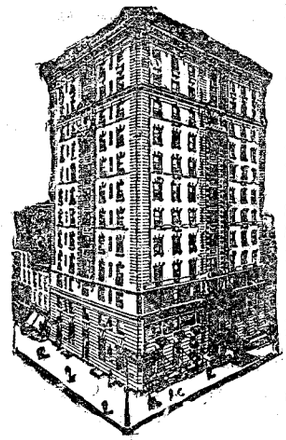

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